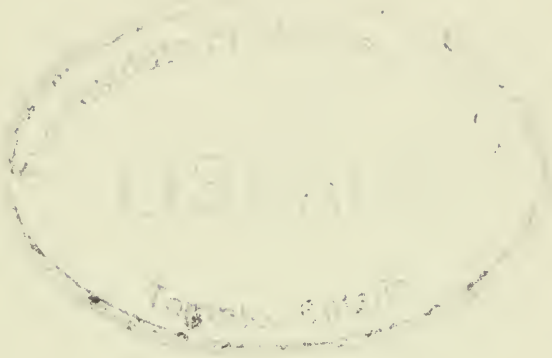

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J. Hyatt. Sc.

The Princess Elizabeth.

THE MIRROR

OF

THE SINFUL SOUL.

A PROSE TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF A POEM BY QUEEN MARGARET OF NAVARRE, MADE IN 1544 BY THE

PRINCESS (AFTERWARDS QUEEN) ELIZABETH,

THEN ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

REPRODUCED IN FAC-SIMILE, WITH PORTRAIT, FOR THE

Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.

AND EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY

PERCY W. AMES, F.S.A.,
LIBRARIAN AND SECRETARY, R.S.L.

ASHER AND CO., LONDON.
1897.

TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

Victoria,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD

QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

AND EMPRESS OF INDIA,

THIS REPRODUCTION

OF THE FIRST LITERARY EFFORT OF HER ROYAL PREDECESSOR,

QUEEN ELIZABETH,

IS, IN THE

SIXTIETH YEAR

OF HER MAJESTY'S ILLUSTRIOUS AND BENEFICENT REIGN OVER

A HAPPY PEOPLE,

WITH HER MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

DEDICATED

BY HER MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

BADGE OF ANNE BOLEYN, ADOPTED BY THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND RETAINED BY HER AFTER BECOMING QUEEN.

PREFACE.

FEW words are needed in explanation of this publication. Dr. Furnivall, of the Early English Text Society, having called my attention to the original manuscript which lies at the Bodleian, the suggestion to reproduce it was considered by the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, and the appearance of this volume is in consequence of their favorable decision. If the question of literary merit alone had been considered, the publication would scarcely be justified. The 'Miroir' is not the best of the religious poems of Margaret of Navarre, which, with the exception of the 'Chansons Spirituelles,' are inferior to her secular

pieces; and a juvenile translation of a poem, admittedly not of high rank, cannot be expected to delight by its intrinsic merits. But the personality of the translator and the circumstances of its production invest the manuscript with peculiar interest. Until eclipsed by the still brighter glories of the reign of our own beloved Sovereign, that of the hitherto peerless Elizabeth stood conspicuously forth as the most splendid that had ever distinguished this nation, and it was naturally thought that the publication of any writing which brought us into closer touch with the mind of Glorious Queen Bess, at any period of her life, would be generally regarded as of value and importance.

It is evident that the manuscript was written by the Princess Elizabeth's own hand, both from a comparison with other specimens of her writing at the same age in the British Museum, notably the autograph book of prayers presented to King Henry, and also from what she

says in the dedication. After asking her stepmother to "rubbe out, polishe and mende (or els cause to mende) the wordes (or rather the order of my writting) the wich i knowe in many places to be rude," &c., she expresses the hope that "in the meane whyle no other (but your highnes only) shal rede it or se it lesse my fauttes be knowen of many."

A fac-simile of a letter from the Princess to her brother is given in this volume (following the Introduction) as a specimen of her beautiful writing at a later date.

The title of the poem may have been suggested by "Speculum aureum peccatorum," which was "translated at parice oute of laten into frenche," and rendered into English as 'The Mirroure of Golde to the Synfull Soule,' by Margaret, "moder to our Soverain lorde Kinge Henry the VII, and Countess of Richmond and Derby." This translation, which was imprinted in black letter by Wynken de Worde in 1522, does not

give the impression that the original could have contributed any ideas other than the title to Queen Margaret for her 'Miroir de l'âme pécheresse.'

The photogravure frontispiece requires some notice. From the circumstance that only very few of Queen Elizabeth's portraits are dated or signed by the painter, it is necessary to use much care in selecting a portrait which may be regarded as authentic. For the present volume an interesting picture was photographed and printed, but afterwards rejected. It had been supposed to be a portrait of Elizabeth at a very early age, and indeed bears, on a plate, the description "Queen Elizabeth, by Holbein," and is so described in the catalogue of St. James's Palace, where the picture now hangs in the Queen Anne Room; but as the date 1594 appears on the front near the top, there is an evident mistake in the official description. The portrait finally selected and here reproduced presents no difficulties, since it

was described in the Catalogues of Kings Henry VIII and Edward VI as "The Ladye Elizabeth her grace, with a booke in her hande, her gowne like crymeson clothe of golde with workes." It is also described as "Queen Elizabeth when young, by H. Holbein," in the Catalogues of Charles I, James II, and Queen Caroline. The official description is as follows :—"Small life-size standing portrait, half-length to the knees. The face to her right, the light from her right side. She has on a red gown cut square across the bosom, and under it a rich gold embroidered petticoat, with long slashed sleeves and small plaited linen ruffs over the hands. Her hands hang down holding a book. She has on a pearl necklace twice round the neck, from which hangs a jewel with three pearls, and at her bosom a larger jewel, on which is a cross of cut stones and three pearls ; her fair hair is covered with a red head-dress edged with pearls. Beside her on her right, on a high table,

is an open book. Curtains behind the figure. Size of picture, 2 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 1½ in., on an oak panel of five pieces dovetailed together."

As Holbein died of the plague in 1543,[1] when the Princess was ten years of age, he cannot possibly have painted this portrait, although it has been attributed to him for 250 years. It was probably painted in 1547 by the same talented but unknown artist who painted the fine portrait of King Edward VI, which is also at Windsor Castle. The delicate hands of Elizabeth, of which she is said to have been rather vain, are well shown in this picture. In face she bears some resemblance to her mother, but she has a more pleasing appearance than Anne Boleyn, and also than her half-sister Mary; but of the children of King Henry VIII, it is only Edward who really had the gift of beauty.

The face of Elizabeth in the original

[1] This fact was established by the late W. H. Black, F.S.A. See 'Archæologia,' xxxix, 273.

picture, which is a very fine painting, looks younger than in the plate, and quite reconciles the observer to the generally accepted opinion that the Princess at the time was not more than 13 or 14 years of age, notwithstanding the different impression at first conveyed by the costume and head-dress. The serious expression seems to be the natural effect of an early acquired habit of self-restraint.[1]

The prayer, copied by another hand on folio 63 of the manuscript, was composed by Queen Elizabeth for her Navy in 1597, and is the third of "Three most excellent Prayers made by the late famous Queene Elizabeth," published in a quaint volume, 12mo, entitled 'Supplications of Saints, by Tho. Sorocold,

[1] In 'Archæologia,' xl, 85, the late Sir G. Scharf, F.S.A., says, with reference to this picture, "The colour of the hair, the set of features, with nose tending to aquiline, and the very slender fingers, all accord with the physique that characterized Elizabeth in after years. Moreover, traces of writing with the name Elizabeth may be observed in the upper left-hand corner."

London. Printed by I. L. for H. Overton, and are to bee sold at his Shop at the entrance in of Pope's head Alley out of Lombard Street, 1462' (probably intended for 1642).

P. W. A.

20, HANOVER SQUARE, W.;
March, 1897.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS translation, made by Queen Elizabeth during her early childhood (which is in some respects the most attractive period of her life), constitutes an interesting illustration of her precocious ability. It is rather remarkable that this, her first literary work, should have received so little attention. It is not even mentioned by the majority of her numerous biographers, and in Strickland's 'Lives of the Queens of England,' it is incorrectly referred to as "her elegant translation from the Italian."[1]

It was "imprented in the yeare of our lorde 1548, in Apryll," by John Bale, in a volume 12mo under a title of his own as "A Godly Medytacyon of the Christen sowle concerninge a love towardes God and hys Christe."

Elizabeth herself, curiously enough,

[1] Vol. iii, p. 12.

omits to name the distinguished writer of the poem, and neither the title nor the character of the original composition in the French is noticed by Bale. English readers are probably little aware of the fact that the author of the 'Heptameron' was a poet. The novels of the Seven Days, which she partly collected and partly wrote, have been translated, but with the exception of a few lines from the 'Miroir,' and the 'Discord de l'esprit et de la chair,' given in English verse by Dr. H. White, the translator of the first three volumes of the 'History of the Reformation,' by D'Aubigné, and a few casual references elsewhere, the poems have been unnoticed. Queen Margaret's own countrymen were under the like disadvantage until quite recently; for although there had been some new editions, within the last half-century, of 'Les Marguerites,' a considerable part of her poetic work remained entirely unknown until last year.[1]

[1] 'Les Dernières poésies de Marguerite de Navarre,

The translation was undertaken during one of the many clouded periods of Elizabeth's youth. Some time in the year 1543 the little Princess had the misfortune to fall into disgrace at Court, and her royal father's displeasure occasioned her banishment for an entire year, during which time, as she mentions herself, she "had not dared to write to him." In the summer of 1544 King Henry went to Boulogne, and Elizabeth, on being informed that her step-mother, Queen Katherine Parr, had remembered her every time she had written to the King, wrote to her one of her earliest letters thanking the Queen, and beseeching her to recommend her to His Majesty, praying for his sweet benediction.[1] Shortly afterwards, in September, the King intimated his forgiveness in a general blessing to all his children,

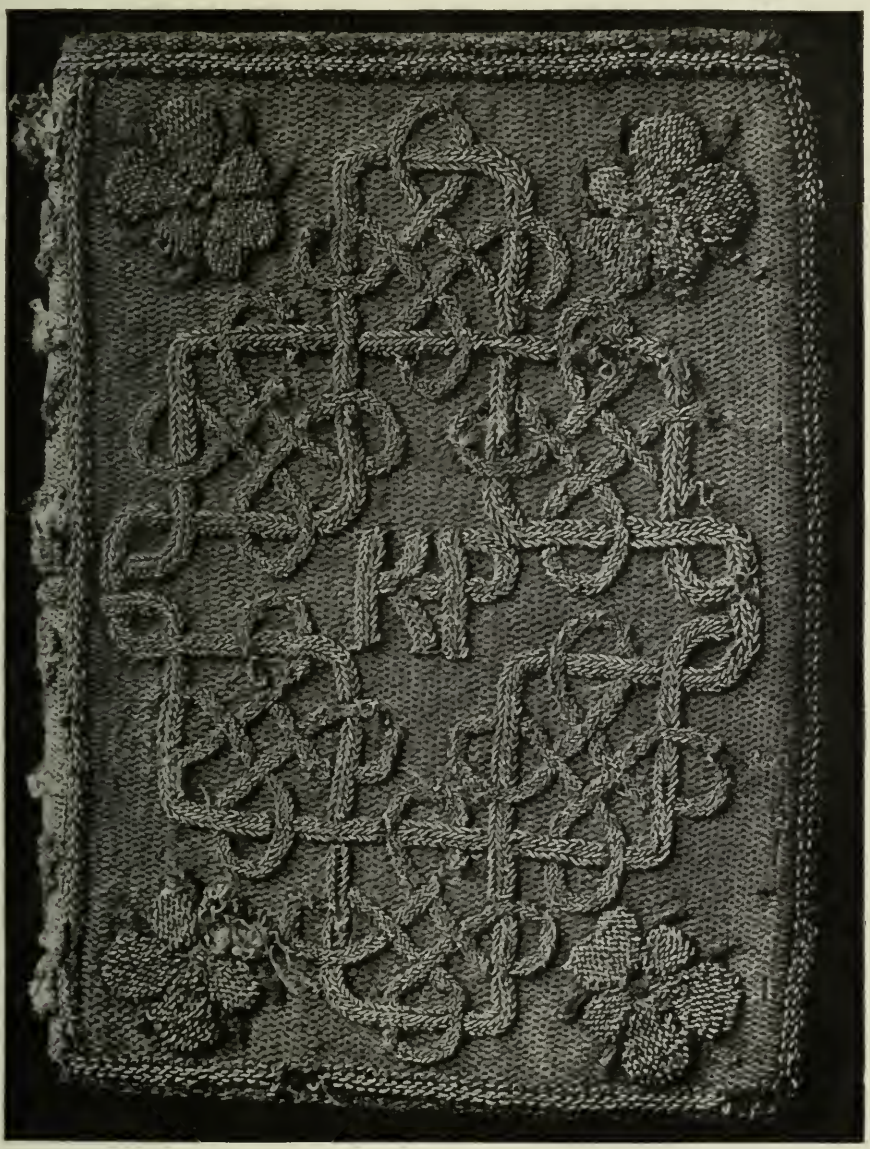
publiées pour la première fois, avec une introduction et des notes par Abel Lefranc, Secrétaire du Collège de France,' Paris, 1896.

[1] The original letter, written in Italian, is in the Bodleian.

and at the close of that year Elizabeth sent her translation, in all probability bound with her own hands,[1] as a New Year's gift to the Queen. It may, therefore, be regarded as an offering of grateful affection.

The translation and the letter naturally direct attention to her early accomplishments, for even supposing that Castiglione, her Italian master, may have been in part responsible for the latter,

[1] In the centre of each cover are the Queen's initials, K. P., and in each corner a heart's-ease. (For instances of the use of the device of a pansy flower as an ornament about the time, see 'Archæologia,' xxxix, 270, 271.) The design, which is the same on both sides, is worked in gold and silver wire on a ground of blue corded silk. On the back there are four panels with an embroidered flower in each. The edges are bound with gold braid, with a narrow line of red silk at the top and bottom. The Princess also bound and embroidered a beautiful autograph book of prayers, now preserved in the British Museum. It is dedicated as follows:—"Illustrissimo Henrico octavo Anglie, Francie, Hibernieq. regi, fidei defensori," &c. In the centre of the cover she has made a monogram of these titles of the king, with the letter H. at the top and at the bottom, and in each corner a rose. It appears to be worked with red silk and gold wire, with green leaves in silk. (See 'Early English Embroidered Books,' by Cyril James Davenport, London, 1888.)



Embroidered Cover of the original Manuscript of

"THE MIROIR OR GLASSE OF THE SYNNEFULLE SOULE,"

Worked by the Princess Elizabeth when Eleven Years of Age.

SIZE $7\frac{3}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ in.

yet there exists too much independent evidence of her easy familiarity with languages to doubt her linguistic skill. All contemporary accounts agree in attributing to her a love of study and a quickness of apprehension. French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish she both wrote and spoke with facility, and Miss Strickland says she astonished some of the most erudite linguists of that age by the ease and grace with which she conversed in the Latin tongue.

Heywood thus writes with reference to Elizabeth and Edward, who for a very happy period of their youth studied together :—"So ingenious were either, that they desired to looke upon bookes as soone as the day began to breake, their *horæ matutinæ* were so welcome, that they seemed to prevent the nights sleeping for the entertainment of the morrows schooling ; . . . . and when hee was cal'd out to any youthfull exercise becomming a child of his age, . . . she in her private Chamber betook herselfe

to her Lute or violl and (wearied with that) to practise her needle."[1] Hentzner, the German traveller, mentions having seen a little volume in the royal library at Whitehall, written on vellum in French by Queen Elizabeth when a child. It was thus inscribed:—"A tres haut, et tres puissant, et redoubté prince Henry, VIII de ce nom, roy d'Angleterre, de France, et de Irelande, defenseur de la foy, Elisabeth, sa tres humble fille, rend salut et obédience." There are two interesting references to the Princess when she was six years of age. One is recorded in "Ellis's Royal Letters," and states that "on the second anniversary of Edward's birth, when the Nobles of England presented gifts of silver and gold and jewels to the infant heir of the realm, the lady Elizabeth's grace gave the simple offering of a shirt of cambric, worked by her own hands." The other is made by Wriothesley, who

[1] 'England's Elizabeth,' by Tho. Heywood, London, 1631.

visited Elizabeth at Hertford Castle on December 17th, 1539. He writes, "I then went to my lady Elizabeth's grace, and to the same made His Majesty's most hearty commendations, declaring that his Highness desired to hear of her health, and sent his blessing; she gave humble thanks, inquiring after His Majesty's welfare, and that with as great a gravity as if she had been forty years old." It is natural to expect in the history of her childhood some evidence of those intellectual gifts which made her the most learned woman of her age, and one of its keenest politicians; but it is pleasant to find also conclusive proofs of a sweetness of disposition which made her beloved by all who knew her, which elicited expressions of devoted attachment from her brother, and softened the natural antipathy of the injured Princess Mary. The latter's generous championship of her little sister forms one of many illustrations of the fine character and amiable natural disposition of that

Princess, as displayed in her earlier years. She deliberately defied the orders of Council degrading her sister's rank, by persistently giving her the title of *grace;* and at the time when King Henry had just disowned the daughter of Anne Boleyn, Mary courageously recommended her to his favorable notice in a letter addressed directly to the king. It is dated from Hunsdon, July 21st (1536). The concluding paragraph is as follows:—"My sister Elizabeth is in good health (thanks to our Lord), and such a child toward, as I doubt not but your Highness shall have cause to rejoice of in time coming (as knoweth Almighty God), who send your Grace, with the Queen my good mother, health, with the accomplishment of your desires." Leti[1] tells us that when Anne of Cleves saw Elizabeth she was charmed with her beauty, wit, and endearing caresses, and conceived the most tender affection for her; and when the conditions of the

[1] Quoted by Strickland.

divorce were arranged she requested as a great favour that she might be permitted to see her sometimes, adding "that to have had that young Princess for her daughter would have been greater happiness to her than being Queen." Lady Bryan, her first governess, speaks of her docility and gentleness in a letter to Sir T. Cromwell. Most agreeable evidence of Elizabeth's affectionate disposition is found in her relations with her brother Edward. It appears that she undertook the pleasant task of giving the first lessons to her infant brother, for, says Heywood, "shee was 3 yeares elder then her Brother, and therefore able in her pretty language to teach and direct him (even fro the first of his speech and understanding)."[1] The sentiments of the young Prince are shown in his letters, of which one written when he was nine years of age after their separation was as follows :—

[1] Elizabeth was born on September 7th, 1533, and Edward on October 12th, 1537. She was therefore four years older than her brother.

"The change of place, most dear sister, does not so much vex me as your departure from me. But nothing can now occur to me more grateful than your letters. I particularly feel this, because you first began the correspondence, and challenged me to write to you. I thank you most cordially both for your kindness and the quickness of its coming, and I will at least equal you in regard and attention. It is a comfort to my regret, that I hope shortly to see you again if no accident intervenes." In the first letter which he wrote to her after he became King, in answer to one of condolence from her on the subject of their common bereavement, he again addresses her as his "sweetest sister," and refers to her learning and prudence which enable her to know what to do, and which relieve him from the necessity of consoling her; and after complimenting her upon her elegant sentences, he observes that she thinks of their father's death with a calm mind. This was no

doubt written in all simplicity, but, considering the continual terror that cruel father must have been to his sister, it can scarcely be regarded as an instance of fortitude that she bore his removal calmly. The letter was written in Latin, and the sentences referred to are as follows :—" Minimi opus est mihi te consolari, charissima soror, quod eruditione tua cognoscis quid sit faciendum, prudentia vero et pietate tua quod eruditio docuit te cognoscere facto præstas. . . . Præterea literæ tuæ mihi admodum arridebant, tum quod in illis elegantes sententiæ continentur, tum quod ex illis sentio te æquo consuluisse animo mortem patris nostri."[1]

No one can study the early lives of Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward without quickly perceiving that they were very remarkable children. Their qualities and attainments are attributable partly to inheritance and partly to the educative

[1] 'Original Letters Illustrative of English History,' with notes and illustrations by Henry Ellis, F.R.S., London, 1824.

influence of the altogether exceptional circumstances in which they were placed. Pride, fearlessness, a high spirit, and a strong will were possessed by all members of the House of Tudor, and they all likewise displayed in different degrees a prudence and discretion which averted at the last moment the dangers which their obstinacy frequently gathered about them. Their faults as well as their merits were exhibited by Elizabeth, who excelled them all, however, in diplomatic skill and intelligence. Her letters and her "golden speeches" reveal a style admirable in temper, dignity, and grace, and her expressions of the trust and affection in which she held her people never failed to touch their hearts and to arouse their enthusiastic loyalty and devotion. This was especially noticeable in those critical conflicts which occasionally arose between the Crown and the Commons, when, as Macaulay says, "she left to her successors a memorable example of the way in which

it behoves a ruler to deal with public movements which he has not the means of resisting." An element of greatness in the character of Elizabeth is that robust independence of mind which enabled her to remain uninfluenced by the delusive appearances and conventional distinctions which affect the opinions and actions of ordinary men and women. For many years she succeeded in suppressing the persecuting spirit and skilfully held the balance of opposing creeds. It was this intellectual detachment which enabled her to initiate a policy so wise, temperate and beneficent, as to secure her the devotion of her subjects. "She saw that to make a government flourish there must be internal peace and security, and that its councillors must be men of ability and virtue" (Buckle). Her many royal qualities have at all times inclined men to ignore her faults, and even those who suffered from them cannot withhold their tribute of praise. Neal, in his 'History of

the Puritans,' after censuring the cruelty with which she treated men of Puritan opinions, concludes, "However, notwithstanding all these blemishes, Queen Elizabeth stands upon record as a wise and politic Princess. She was the glory of the age in which she lived, and will be the admiration of posterity."[1] But the students of that glorious epoch, and the admirers of its brilliant central figure, are unable to include in their laudations the moral side of that interesting character. Even after allowances are justly made for the peculiarities of the time, for the general acceptance and recognition of diplomatic mendacity as an "intellectual means of meeting a difficulty," there yet remains the conspicuous absence of the gentler and purer qualities of womanhood. It was left for a happier age to experience, in a still more glorious reign, the felicitous union of a noble wisdom with a pure morality.

[1] 'The History of the Puritans,' by Daniel Neal, M.A., second edition, corrected, London, 1754, vol. i, p. 403.

Some examination of the methods of the education of this great Princess may be of interest. As was usual at that time with young students, she was accustomed to long hours and hard reading. The list of subjects included in the studies of the royal children astonishes us by its character and variety. In the 'Chronicle' of Crispin it is related that the Princess Mary studied astronomy, geography, natural philosophy, and mathematics; that she read the orators, the historians, and the poets of Greece and Rome in their native languages. Needlework and music were also assiduously practised.

Hayward gives the following pleasant description of the boy king Edward:— "He attained not only commendable knowledge but speech in the Greeke, Spanish, and Italian languages having alwaies great judgement in measuring his words by his matter; his speech being alike both fluent and weightie, such as best beseemed a Prince. As for naturall

Philosophie, Logicke, Musicke, Astronomie, and other liberall sciences, his perfections were such that the great Italian philosopher Cardane, having tasted him most strongly to encounter his new devised paradoxes in Philosophie, seemed to be astonished betweene admiration and delight, ... in disposition he was mild, gracious and pleasant . . . . in body beautifull, but especially in his eies which seemed to have a starrie livelinesse and lustre in them : generally he seemed to be as Cardane reported of him, a Miracle of Nature."[1]

Reference has already been made to the avidity with which Elizabeth and Edward called for their books "as soon as the day began to breake," and Heywood further records that "the rest of the forenoon (breakfast-time excepted) they were instructed in language, or some of the liberal sciences, or moral learning, collected out of such authors as did best

[1] 'The Life and Reigne of King Edward the Sixth,' by Sir John Hayward, London, 1636.

conduce to the instruction of princes." Of the genuineness of this study the Queen gave many interesting proofs in later life, as for instance when, without hesitation or previous preparation, she answered in one day three Ambassadors each in his own language; and again on the occasion of her visit to Oxford she delivered an oration in Latin. We read of the same long hours and extensive list of subjects studied, in the early history of Margaret of Navarre, the Lady Jane Grey, and others, yet we do not hear of any of these industrious students suffering from "over-pressure." The modern system of "working for examinations," with the inevitable introduction of that brain-destructive element of *anxiety* into the studies of the young, was then happily unknown. Free from this false ambition they were able to acquire a disinterested love of knowledge, and to appreciate the worth and delight of intellectual effort for its own sake, with the result that their minds

attained a degree of clearness, alacrity, and vigour otherwise unattainable. There is another point worthy of consideration. There are two theories of education, based upon principles whose operations have been exhibited not only in every special legislative effort to provide for the instruction of the young, but also in all the great intellectual conflicts and controversies out of which modern civilisation has evolved. In the one is to be observed the solicitude of the preceptor to form, control, and direct the mind of the pupil, to furnish knowledge of the wisdom of the past, to develop veneration for constituted authority, to create mistrust of self in forming judgments and opinions. In the other there is to be seen an effort to remove every obstacle to the natural expansion of the mind, to promote the growth and development of all the faculties, to furnish materials for the formation of independent judgment, and to encourage its exercise. These theories

when thus stated appear to be mutually opposed, but they should be complementary to each other. Just as the well-being of a state depends on the great principles of order and progress, so in the development of the human mind the steadying influence of discipline is no less essential than the moving power of unimpeded growth. The education of the Princess Elizabeth, rather by the force of circumstances than by the conscious intention of her tutors, approximated to the latter scheme. The periods of neglect with which the vicissitudes of her youth were marked left her in freedom to follow the direction of her natural tastes, and she, no doubt, interpreted for herself the lessons of history, her favourite subject. By this unrestrained study and reflection she was able to cultivate her intellect to its loftiest extent, and to develop her natural strength of character to an astonishing degree of self-reliance.

The omission of the Princess to name

the author of the 'Mirror' when she mentions that poem in her dedication to Queen Katherine Parr, conveys the idea that she probably knew little or nothing of Marguerite d'Angoulême, and that there could not have been any connecting links in their respective histories. As there are several circumstances which should have made the name of the Queen of Navarre familiar, if this ignorance is a correct surmise, the true explanation lies in the pathetic fact that this bright and lovable child never knew anything of home-life or the delight of a mother's tales of bygone times. Anne Boleyn's unhappy end came when her daughter was only three years old, and the history of that brief period is unrelieved by any accounts of motherly care and affection. Had it been otherwise, Elizabeth might have heard much of the gifted lady whose poem had attracted her attention and stirred her childish ambition to render it into English. For Anne Boleyn, who

had accompanied King Henry's sister, Mary Tudor, to France after the latter's marriage by proxy with Louis XII, remained there when the death of that monarch terminated the brief union, and after a short period at the court of Claude, Queen of Francis I, she entered the service of Margaret, who was then Duchesse d'Alençon, and therefore we may conclude that the copy of 'Miroir de l'âme pécheresse' in Elizabeth's possession, had belonged to her mother, who may have obtained it from her former friend and mistress. Margaret might have become much more closely associated with the English royal house if certain negotiations had been attended with success, for after the death of Elizabeth of York in 1503, at which time Margaret was 12 years of age, Henry VII became a suitor for her hand in marriage. This was not the only escape she had from the doubtful privilege of being allied to the House of Tudor, for when Henry VIII first entertained

the idea of divorcing Katherine of Arragon he also opened negotiations with Margaret, then the widow of the Duke of Alençon. It is said, on rather insufficient authority, that in rejecting this proposal Margaret made to Wolsey, who was conducting the matter, the following spirited reply: "Katherine of Arragon, your injured Queen, was the friend of my dear and gentle sister Queen Claude, and for her sake, if for no other, I should spurn your proposal. But not for worlds would I be accessory to an act of injustice like that which you contemplate; and certainly I could never trust my happiness in the hands of a man who is stained with such a crime."[1] Though we have no proof that Elizabeth when a child knew Margaret, the latter's attention must soon have been drawn to Elizabeth, for the first in the long series of negotiations for the marriage of our Princess took place when she was only 13 months old, at which

[1] 'Margaret, the Pearl of Navarre,' Edinburgh, 1868.

time her father proposed a union with Margaret's nephew, the young Duke of Angoulême, the third son of Francis I.

Disregarding these externals there may be found a much more important and significant connection between the author and the translator of the 'Mirror.' Both were completely in sympathy with the great movement of that age, that had for its object to purify and spiritualize the Christian Church; Margaret adopting the principles of her friend Erasmus, Elizabeth, by throwing off the external yoke of the Latin Church, may be regarded as the follower of Luther. "Erasmus and Luther," says d'Aubigné, "viewed in connexion with the Reformation, are the representatives of two great ideas,—of two great parties in their age, and indeed in every age. The one is composed of men of timid prudence, the other of men of resolution and courage."[1] These parties, personified in

[1] 'History of the Reformation,' by J. H. M. d'Aubigné, Edinburgh, 1846.

their illustrious chiefs, were represented also in the witty, satirical, but timid Margaret, and in the lion-hearted Elizabeth. The dread of unknown troubles following violent changes, which led Erasmus to recommend putting up with ungodly princes,[1] is reflected in Margaret, who never ventured to add reproof to her exhortations to her brother. She resembled the great "Writer of the Opposition" in her methods of exposing error by the popular weapon of sarcasm, but she displayed none of the personal vanity which excited the scorn of his enemies; nor does the student of her life find intermingled with his sympathy with her sorrows, the sense of *disappointment* occasioned by the history of Erasmus. Margaret had neither the authority nor the personal greatness of Elizabeth, and her influence was exercised by the example of her life and by her writings, while she outwardly con-

[1] Præstat ferre principes impios, quam novatis rebus gravius malum accersere.

formed to the orthodox church; while that of our great Queen was enforced by her army and her navy, and she was the open and avowed champion of the new doctrines, and has been justly regarded as the Nursing Mother of the Reformation. In this sense Elizabeth's life was a continuation and fulfilment of the promise of Margaret's, and it was assisted by the circumstances of the time and by the development of events. The two lives coincided in point of time for sixteen years, the closing period of Margaret's career and the opening of Elizabeth's.

In studying the life of Margaret we have not to deal with the mighty intellect and profound sagacity of Elizabeth, nor do we meet with the strange incongruities of the latter's character, nor is the group of literary men which attended the *salons* of the Queen of Navarre, giving them the name of the New Parnassus, comparable to the bright constellation of the sons of genius which adorned the court of the English Queen; yet her

history, if less brilliant, is still full of interest. "Marguerite humaine, douce et sage," as contemporary poets sang, "le pur élixir des Valois," as Michelet described her, was born on the 11th of April, 1492, two years before the birth of her brother Francis. Her parents were Charles, Count of Angoulême, and Louise of Savoy. Her numerous titles are rather bewildering. As a descendant of the royal family of Valois she was known in her girlhood as Margaret of Valois; from the place of her birth and her father's title she obtained the name by which she is best known in history, Marguerite d'Angoulême; in her fifteenth year she married the Duke d'Alençon, and took the titles of Madame and Duchesse d'Alençon; she is also known as Margaret of Orleans, as belonging to the Orleans branch of the Royal House; and as Margaret of Navarre, of which province she was Queen; finally when Francis became King he made his sister

Madame de France. In 1528 she married Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre, who was 11 years her junior, and she died at the castle of Odos, December 21st, 1549, her life thus extending over that of her brother two years at the beginning and at the end. It is rather curious that her first funeral verses, written in Latin, were nominally by Anne, Margaret, and Jane Seymour, nieces of the mother of Edward VI. Margaret's character, and the high estimation in which she was held, are best shown in the recorded opinions of her contemporaries, and her letters to the King, her brother, when he was in captivity in Madrid, leave no doubt in the reader's mind of the sincerity of her religious convictions. Her brother always called her his Darling,[1] the Pearl of Valois, &c., and he is reported to have said on one occasion, "My sister Margaret is the only woman I ever knew who has every virtue and every

[1] 'Vie des Dames illustrés,' La Haye, 1740.

grace without one mixture of vice ; and yet she is never wearisome or insipid as you good people are apt to be." Henry II, the successor of Francis, said, "If it were not for my aunt Margaret I should doubt the existence of such a thing as genuine goodness on the earth, but never have I been disappointed in her." Brantôme says, "She chose for her emblem the marigold, which by its rays and leaves has a seeming affinity with the sun, and turns wherever he goes. She added the device 'I seek not things below,'[1] as a sign that she directed all her actions, thoughts, desires, and affections to that great Sun which is God ; and hence she was suspected of being attached to the Lutheran religion." He says elsewhere, "Every one loved her, for she was kind to all, gracious, charitable, and affable, a great almsgiver, but withal bestowing words and smiles more precious than gold ; despising no one, and winning all hearts by her excel-

[1] Non inferiora secutus.

lent qualities." To those who know Margaret only as the compiler of the 'Heptameron,' such descriptions of her will be very curious as revealing unsuspected qualities in that lively satirist; and others less fortunate, to whom the 'Heptameron' is unknown, might form, from the foregoing quotations, a very different picture from the bright, witty, and vivacious reality. From the fact that Margaret at least tolerated the vices of her much-loved brother, and also from the malicious slanders invented by the haters of her heresy, and perhaps from the impressions of careless readers of the 'Heptameron,' a quite erroneous reputation of moral laxity has been associated with her name. But "Un doux nenny avec un doux sourire" is all that her lovers received, which Mr. Saintsbury thinks sufficiently indicates that she was a virtuous coquette if somewhat coquettishly virtuous.[1]

[1] Essay by George Saintsbury, included in the edition of the 'Heptameron' printed for the Society of English Bibliophilists, 1894.

'Le Miroir de l'âme pécheresse' is in rhymed decasyllables, and reveals much of the personal religious history of its writer. Other poems somewhat similar are, 'Oraison de l'Ame Fidèle à son Seigneur Dieu,' and 'Le triomphe de l'Agneau,' which is generally considered to be the best.

The address "Au Lecteur," prefacing 'Le Miroir,' is as follows :

"Si vous lisez ceste œuvre toute entiere,
Arrestez vous, sans plus, à la matiere,
En excusant la rhythme et le language,
Voyant que c'est d'une femme l'ouvrage,
Qui n'a en soy science, ne sçavoir,
Fors un desir, que chacun puisse voir
Que fait le don de DIEU le Createur,
Quand il luy plaist justifier un cœur ;
Quel est le cœur d'un homme, quant à soy,
Avant qu'il ayt receu le don de Foy,
Par lequel seul l'homme a la congnoissance
De la Bonté, Sapience et Puissance.
Et aussi tost qu'il congnoit Verité,
Son cœur est plein d'Amour et Charité
Ainsi bruslant, perd toute vaine crainte,
Et fermement espere en DIEU sans feinte,
Ainsi le don que liberalement
Le Createur donne au commencement

N'ha nul repos, qu'il n'ayt deïfié
Celuy qui s'est par Foy en DIEU fié,
O l'heureux don, qui fait l'homme DIEU estre,
Et posseder son tant desirable Estre.
Helas ! jamais nul ne le peult entendre,
Si par ce don n'a pleu à DIEU le prendre.
Et grand' raison ha celuy d'en douter,
Si DIEU au cœur ne luy a fait gouster,
Mais vous, Lecteurs de bonne conscience,
Je vous requiers, prenez la patience
Lire du tout ceste œuvre qui n'est rien,
Et n'en prenez seulement que le bien.
Mais priez DIEU, plein de bonté naïve,
Qu'en vostre cœur il plante la Foy vive.

The text begins —

Où est l'Enfer remply entierement
De tout malheur, travail, peine et tourment ?
Où est le puitz de malediction,
D'où sans fin sort desesperation ?
Est il de mal nul sy profond abysme
Qui suffisant fust pour punir la disme
De mes pechés, qui sont en sy grand nombre
Qu'infinité rend sy obscure l'ombre
Que les compter ne bien voir je ne puys ?
Car trop avant avecques eux je suis.

"The plan of these poems," says Mr. Saintsbury, "is taken from the long-winded allegorical erotic poetry of the

very late thirteenth, the fourteenth, and the fifteenth centuries,—poetry which is now the most difficult to read in any literature." Beza says, "'The Mirror of the Sinful Soul' was composed in a strain very unusual in the Church of Rome, there being no mention made in it either of male or female saints, or of merits, or of any other purgatory than the blood of Jesus Christ." That the heretical tendency of the poem attracted much attention at the time is shown in many ways. The students of the College of Navarre acted a comedy in which Margaret was represented as a Fury of Hell; for which, however, they were afterwards committed to prison. The University of the Sorbonne condemned the book as heretical, and ordered the copies to be burnt, from which fate they were saved by the express intervention of the King. Nicolas Cop, rector of the Sorbonne, expressly disowned the censure pronounced by the body over which he presided; but Noël Bédier,

syndic of the faculty of theology, who had been the most ardent promoter of the attacks on Queen Margaret, died in confinement at Mont Saint Michel.

At a later time, when Margaret's power to secure protection for herself and her friends was much weaker, Bonaventure Despériers, who was in her service and who had a hand, it is thought, in producing the 'Heptameron,' was driven to suicide by the persecution he received, in 1544, the same year in which Elizabeth rendered the suspected 'Mirror' into English.

The volume already referred to, 'Les Dernières poésies de Marguerite de Navarre,' published in 1896, contains, as its editor, M. Lefranc, says, "together with a number of the most personal and characteristic of her works, the history of the secret of her life. The words contained in these forgotten pages are by turns words of sadness and of hope, but on the whole the sentiment which inspires the essential parts, and above

all the conclusion, is that of a bright cheerfulness. It is a song of deliverance and of moral enfranchisement, which is the keynote of these poems. We thus perceive the supreme evolution which is accomplished in that great soul, in the course of the three or four years which preceded and followed the death of Francis I. . . . No other hand appears to have turned the leaves of these precious pages since the day when Jeanne d'Albret enclosed in an iron casket, garnished with solid locks, the manuscript which she wished, by a scruple easy to understand, to conceal from all unsympathetic eyes. . . . She always guarded with a jealous care the collection which she considered as the literary testament of her mother, that which contained the *confessions* of the most lovable of the women of the Renaissance." These poems consist of ten epistles in verse, two comedies, three lyrics, six elegies, and two considerable poems, 'The Prisons of the Queen of Navarre'

(her greatest work), and 'The Ship,' and they fill 439 pages, 8vo. That these interesting poems, revealing as they do so much of the inner life of the gifted Margaret, should have remained entirely neglected and unknown for 350 years is indeed surprising. The thanks of the world of letters are due to Monsieur Abel Lefranc for again awakening the musical voice of the Pearl of Valois.

Like as a shipman in stormy wether plukes downe the sailes tarijnge
for better winde, so did I, most noble Kinge, in my vnfortijna
chanche a thurday pluk downe the hie sailes of my ioy and cofo
and do trust one day that as troblesome wanes hinne repu
me bakwarde, so a gentil winde wil brinoe me forwarde to
my hauen . Two chief occasions moued me muche and
grined me greatly, the one for that I douted your Maiestie
belthe, the other bicause for al my longe tarijnge I wente
without that I came for, of the first I am relieued in
a parte, bothe that I vnderstande of your belthe and also
that your Maiesties lodginge is far fro my Lorde Marques
chamber, Of my other grief I am not eased, but the best
is that whatsoeuer other folkes wil suspect, I intende not
to feare your graces goodwil, wiche as I knowe that
I neuer disserued to faint, so I trust wil stil stike by me
For if your graces aduis that I shulde retourne (whos
wil is a commandemente) had not bine, I wold not haue
made the halte of my way, the ende of my iourney.
And thus as one desirous to hire of your Maiesties helth
thogth vnfortunat to se it I shal pray God for euer to
preserue you . From Hatfilde this present saterday

Your Maiesties humble fisti
to commandemente. Elizabetha

Fol. 1
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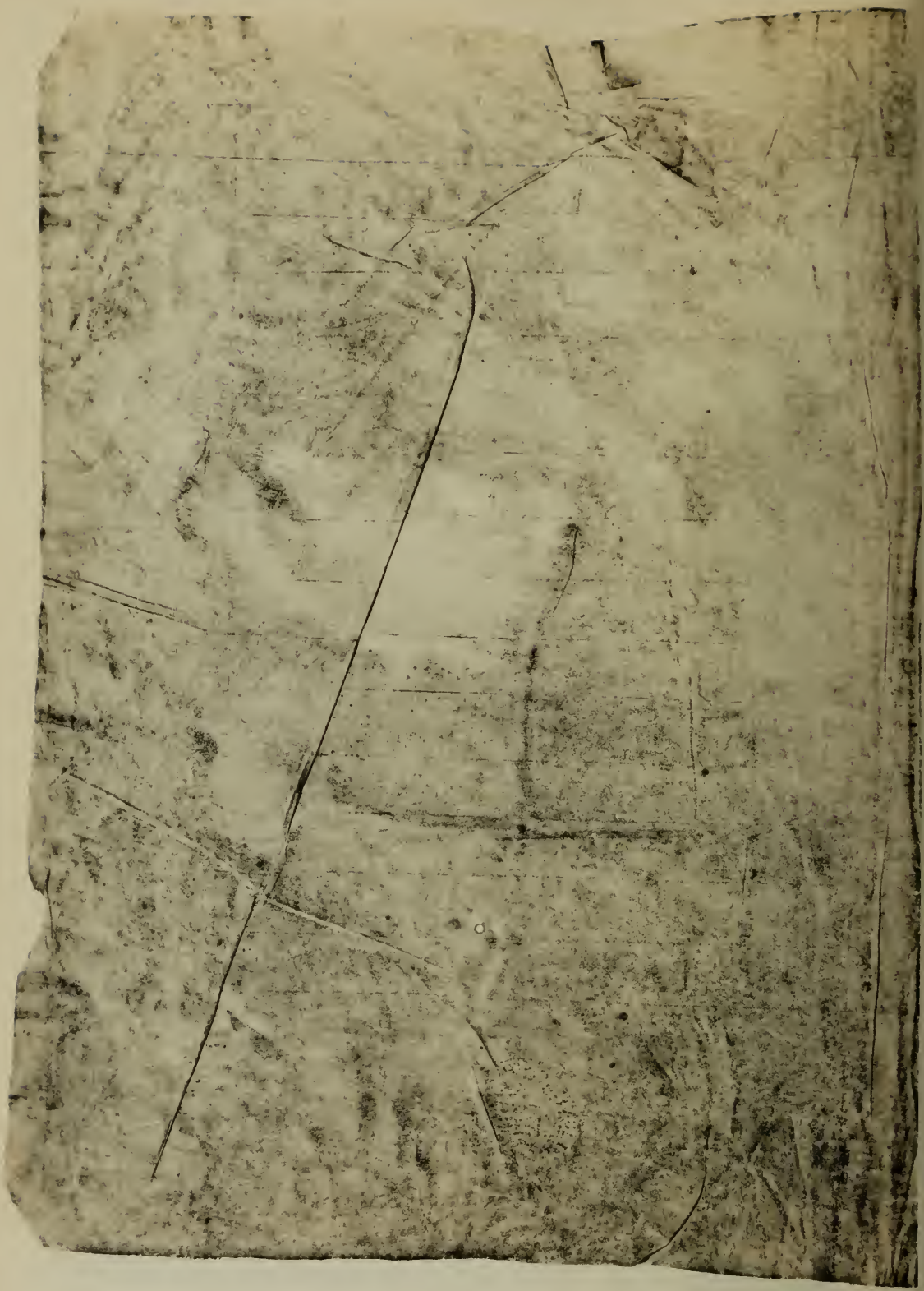

TO OVR MOST NOBLE AND
vertuous quene KATHERIN Eliza
beth her humble daughter wisheth
perpetuall felicitie and euerlasting joye

NOT ONELY knowing the affe
ctuous wille and feruent zeale the
wich your highnes hath towardes
all godly lerning as also my ducti
towardes you (most gracious and
souereign princes) but knowing also that
pusilanimite and ydlenes are most
repugnante vnto a reasonable crea
ture: and that (as the philosopher
sayeth) euen as an instrument of yron

or of other metayle, waxeth soone
rusty, onles it be continualy occupied.
Euen so shall the witte of a man, or
woman, waxe dull, and vnapte to
do, or vnderstand any thing pfittely.
onles it be alwayes occupied vpon
some maner of study. Wiche thinges
considered, hath moued so small a
portion, as god hath lente me, to
proue what I could do. And therfore
haue I (as for a seye or beginninge) fo-
lowed the right notable sayeng of the
prouerbe afore sayd I translated this
lytell boke out of frenche ryme, in to
englishe prose, ioyning ỹ sentences

together as well as the capacitie of
my symple witte, and small lerning
coulde extende themselues. The wich
booke is intytled, or named ỹ mirour
or glasse, of the synnefull soule wherein
is conteyned, how she (beholdig
and contemplinge what she is) doth
perceyue how, of herselfe, and of her
owne strenght, she can do nothinge
that good is, or preuayleth for her
saluacion: onles it be through the
grace of god: whose mother, daugh
ter, syster, and wife, by ỹ scriptures
she proueth herselfe to be. Trustinge
also, that through his incōprehen

sible loue, grace, and mercy. She (be
ynge called from synne to repen-
taunce) doth ioyfully hope to be
saued. And although she knowe y^t
as for my parte, wich i haue wrought
in it: the as well spirituall, as manuall
there is nothinge done as it shulde
be. nor els worthy to come in youre
graces handes, but rather all vnper-
fyte, [illegible] do i) truste
also that albeit it is like a worke wich
is but newe begonne, and shapen y^t
the fyte of youre excellent witte, and
godly terminge, in the redinge of it (if
so it vouchesafe your highnes to do)

ſhall rubbe out, poliſhe, and mende
or els cauſe to mende the wordes (or
rather the order of my writting) the
wich I knowe in many places to be
rude, and nothinge done as it ſhuld
be. But I hope, that after to haue ben
in youre graces handes: there ſhall
be nothinge in it worthy of reprehen
ſion. and that in the meane whyle
no other (but your highnes onely) ſhal
rede it, or ſe it, leſse my fauttes be
knowen of many. Than ſhall they be
better excuſed (as my confidence is in
youre graces accouſtumed benevolēce)
than if I ſhuld beſtowe a whole yere

in writtinge, or inuentinge, wayes for
to excuse them. Prayeng god almigh
ty the maister and creatoure of all
thinges to garaunte vnto youre high
nes thesam newe yeres daye, a lucky
and a prosperous yere, with prospe
rous vsue, and continuance of many
yeres in good helthe and contynuall
ioye, and all to his honnoure, praise, and
glory. From usherige, the laste daye
of the yeare of our lord
god, 1544.

To the reader see

IF thou doest rede thys whole w
worke, beholde rather the matter
and excuse the speche, consydering
it is the worke of a woman wiche
hath in her meyther science, or know
ledge, but a desyre that eche one
might se, what the gifte of god doth
when it pleaseth hym to iustifie the
harte of a man. ffor what thinge is
a man, (as for hys owne strenght)
before that he hath receyued the gifte
of fayth: whirby onely hath he know
ledge of the goodnes, wisedom and

power of god, and as ſoone as he
knoweth the truthe, than is his hart
full of loue, and charitie. ſo that by
the feruentenes therof he doth exclu
de all vayne feare, and ſtedfastely
doth hope vpon god vnfaynedly.
Euen ſo the giſte the wich oure crea
tour giueth at the beginninge doth
neuer reste, tyll he hath made hym
godly, wich putteth hys trust in god
O the hapy giſte wich cauſeth a mā
to be like vnto god and to poſſeſſe
hys ſo deſyred dwellinge. Alas no
man coulde neuer vnderstande it, on
les by this gyfte god hathe gyuen

hym it, and he hath great cause to
doute of it, onles god hath made hym
sele it m to hys harte. Therfore reader,
with a godly mynde I beche beseche
the to take it pacientely to peruse this
worke, wich is but lytell, and taste
nothinge but the frutte of it praieng
to god full of all goodnes, that in
your harte he will plante
the liuely fayth.

THE glasse of the synnefull soule.

Psal. 51 Make me a cleane harte. O god.

WHERE is the hell full of trauayle payne, mischiefe, and turmente where is the pytte of cursydnes, out of the wich doth springe all despaire. Is there any hell so profunde, that is sufficiente to punishe the tenth parte of my synnes, wich be of so great a nũber, that the infinite doth make the shadow so darke that i can not accomple them, or els scantly se them. ffor i am to farre entred emongest

them and that worse is, i have not
power to obtayne the true knowled
ge of one. I fele well that the roote of
it is in me and outwardly i se none
other effect but all is eyther braun-
che leasse or els frutte that she brin-
geth furth all aboute me. If i thinke
to loke for better, a braunche cometh
and doth close myne eyes. and in
my mouth doth fall when i wolde
speake the frutte wich is so bytter to
swalowe down. If my spirite be styr-
red for to harken. than a great mul-
titude of leasses doth entre in myne
eares and my nose is all stoped

with flowres. Now behold how in
payne, in ernest, and wepinge my
poore soule, alone, and prisonnere
doth lye, without clartie, or light
hauinge both her fete bound by her
concupiscence. and also both her
armes through yuell vse. yet ỹ power
to remedy it, doth not lye in me. and
power haue i none, to cry helpe. Now
as ferfourth as i can se, i ought to haue
no hope of succourc, but through ỹ
grace of god, wiche i can not deseruc
the wiche maye rayse euery one frō
death. By hys brightenes he geueth
light to my darkenes and his power,

examinnge my faulte, doth breake
all the vayle of ignoraunce, and geueth
me cleare vnderstanding, not onely
that thys cometh of me, but also what
thinge abydeth in me, where i am
and wherfore i do labour, who he
is whom i haue offended, to whom
also i did obey so seldom. Therfore
it is conuenient that my pryde be
supressed, and humbly i do confesse
that as for me, i am muche lesse thā
nothinge: before my byrthe, mere
and after, a dongehyll. A body redy
and prompt to do all yuell not wil
linge other study: also subiette to

Iob. 10.
and. 30.
gene. 8.

iob. 1 care, sorowe, and payne a shorte
life, and the onde vncertayne the
rom. 5 wich, vnder synne, by adam is solde
and, and by the lawe iudged to be hange
1 corin. 15 for i had neuer power to
psal. 41 for i had neuer the obserue onely.
one of the cõmaundementes of god
rom. 7 I do fele the strenght of synne to be
in me: therfore is my sinne nowhitt
the lesse to be hidden and ye more
it is dissembled outwardly harte so
much the more he encreasyth wi
rom. 8 the harte. Thys that god will
i can not wille: and what he will
not, i often times desyre to haue so.
Wich thinges doth constrayne me

by importable ſorowe, to wiſhe for
the ende of thys myſerable life, throug
deſyred death. by cauſe of my wery
and raged life. Who ſhall be he
than that ſhall delyuer, and recou
uer ſuche good for me. Alas, it can
not be a mortall man: ffor his power
and ſtrenght is not ſuch: but it
ſhall be the onely good grace of al
mighty god, wich is neuer ſlake to rom. 5
preuente vs with hys mercy. Alas,
what a mayſter withoute to haue
ſerued any goodnes of hym: but ra
ther ſerued hym ſloughtfully, and
withoute ceaſe offended hym euery

daye. yet is he not ſlake in helping me
He doth ſe the yuell that I haue done,
what, and how muche it is, and how,
hiere 10 of myſelfe, I can do nothinge ỳ good
hiere 11 is, but with harte, and body ſo enclined
to the contrary, that I fele no ſtrenght
in me, onles it be for to do yuell. He
doth not tary tyll i humbly do hym
praye hym, or that (ſeynge my hell
and damnacion) i do cry vpon hym
hym: ffor, with hys ſpirite, he doth
rom.8. make it wallmor withyne my hart,
greuter than i, or any man can de
clare, wich aſketh the gyfte, wherof
ỳ vertue is vnknowen to my lytell

power. And this, the same vnknowen
sighe, doth bringe me a newe desyre.
shewinge the good that I haue loste
by my synne, wiche is giuen me a-
gaine, through his grace, and bontie,
wich hath ouercomed all synnes.
O my god what grace, and good
nes is this, wich doth put out so
many synnes. Nowe maye wee
se that thou arte full of all good-
loue. to make me such an honeste
turne. Alas my god I did not se
se the, but I fled, and a raune awaye
frome the, and here beneth thou
comest to me, wich am nothinge.
thou

but an worme of the earth all na-
ked what do I saye, worme I do
hym wronge, beynge so naught
and forswarne full of pride, dea-
ryte, malice and treason. The
psal 118. promes wiche my frendes made
when I was baptised beyng such
allwayes through thy pasion to
rom 6 & and vers 12 yele the mortifieng of my flesshe
so be allwayes with the in the
rom 6. crose where thou hast nayled
as I do beleue) and yelded death
deed, and also all synne, wiche
wich I haue often tymes rak-in down
againe and vnited. I haue broken

demed and ſatisfied my promeſse
and (though pryde) i dyd ſuchewiſes
liſte vp my wille that (with ſloughte)
my dutie twardes the was forgotten
And the thinge wiche muche more
is: as well the wdhte of the promes
that i had of the on the daye of my
baptiſme as alſo thy loue and pro
meſse i haue forgotten all a lilze
What ſhall i ſay more: albeit that
often tymes thou witstoudest min
vnhappynes geuinge ſo many war
ninges by faythe and ſacramentes
admoniſhinge me by preachinge
and alſo conſortinge me by the

marke, 16.

Apoca. 2.

receyuing of thy worthy body and
holy bloude also promysinge to put
me in the rowe of them that are
in parfaitte innocency. but i haue
all thise goodnes put in forgetful
nes. Often tymes haue i broken
with the conucnante ffor my poore
soule was to moche fede of with
yll bread and dammable doctrine
i desprysinge succoure and phisicke
suche as wolde haue helped me.
and if i had ben willinge to lolze
for ... i knowe no man whom i had
rejected for there is neyther man
sainte or als aungell for whom the

harte of a ſinner will chaunge. Alas
good ieſus: thou ſeyngc my blyndnes
and that at my nede i could haue
no ſuccoure of men: than dideſt
thou opene the waye of my ſaluà
cion. O what goodnes and ſwittenes
Is there any father to the daugther,
or els brother to the ſyſter, wiche
wolde euer do as he hath done. //
ffor he came in to hell for to ſuc //
coure my ſoule where againſt his
wille ſhe was willinge to periſhe //
by cauſe ſhe did not loue the: alas //
thou haſt loued her: O charitie
ſeruente and inflammed thou

actes 4.

1. thon. 4

art not ſtalze to loue; thou wiche //
louest euery body, yea, and alſo
roms thyc enmyes: not only ſorgiuinge //
them their offences: but alſo to giue
thyſelſe (for their ſaluacion, liberte
and deliuraunce) to the deathe, &
croſſe, trauayle, payne, and ſouf //
ſring. Whan i do conſydere what
is the occaſion of thy loue: wardes
ephe 2 me; i can ſe nothinge els but loue
wich inciteth the to geue me this
that i can not deſerue. Than (my //
god) as ferfourth as i can ſe, i ought
1 timo. to geue no thankes for my ſalua //
cion but onely vnto the, to whom

I owe the prayse for it, as to hym
wich is my sauioure and creatour.
Alas what thinge is this, thou hast
done so muche for me, and yet art
thou not contente to haue forgiuen
me my synnes, but also gyuen
vnto me the rightgracious gyfte cphe. 2.
of grace. ffor it shuld suffise me (i
cominge out of suche a daunger)
to be ordred lilze a straunger: but
thou doest handle my soule (if so
i durst say) as a mother, daugther
syster, and wife. I lord, i wich um
not worthy, for to aslze bread, to luke. 15.
come neer the dore of the ryght

highe place, where thy dwellinge is.
O what grace is this, that so sodenly
thou vouchesafest to drawe my soule
in sache hignes, that she seleth herselfe
the rular of my body. She poore, //
philip. 4 ignoraunte, and layme, doth synde
herselfe with the riche, wise, and strò
1. cor. 2. by cause thou hast written in her harte
and rom. 1. the rolle, of thy spirite, and holy word
ephe. 2. geuenge her true fayth to receyue it.
wiche thinge made hem to cõceyue
thy sonne: beleuinge hym to be god.
man, sauyoure, and also the true //
rom. 3. remitter of all sinnes. Therfore ☞
doest thou vouchesafe to assure //

her that is mother of thy ſonne
whom thou art the onely father
And furthermore (o my father) here
is a greate loue: ffor thou art not
ſtaiſe of well doynge, ſythe that
thy ſonne full of diuinite, hath taiſe
the body of a man, and did ioyne philip.2.
himſelfe with our fleſhes, wiche thing
a man can not vnderſtand, onles
he hath a true fayth. It hath plea
ſed the to put hym ſo neere vs
that he did ioyne hymſelfe vnto
oure fleſhe, than we ſeynge hym
to be called man) doo call hym
ſyſter, and brother. Nowe, there

soule (wich may say of herselfe thus
she is the sister of god) ought to be
assured in her hate. After this doest
thou declare with great loue, howe
her creacion is onely the good wille
wich it pleasyth the to haue alwayes
twardes her: geuyng assuraunce ty
ephe. i before her first daye (prouidinge for
her) thou hast had thy loue in her,
and how (through loue) thou hast
begotten her, as (alone) thou canest
do very well. And also how thou
put her within this body,
not for lu[st] with lought, but that
both of them shuld haue no other

exercice, but onely to thinke howe
to do ~~you~~ some seruice vnto the: ſo
than the truth maketh her to ſele
that there is true paternite in the.
O what honnoure, what good and
glory hath the ſoule, with doth ſo
alwayes remember, that ſhe is thy
daughter: and, in callinge the father,
ſhe doth thy cõmaundementes.
What is there more, is that all, no:
it pleaſeth the to gyue her an other
name, to call her thy wife, and
ſhe to call the, huſbande, decla
ringe how thou has? frely decla
red the mariage of her. By the

oſea. 2.

baptisme thou haddest made hast
made a promesse to giue her thy
goodes, and riches. Thou doest take
her synnes. ffor she hath nothinge
els, the wiche adam her father did
giue her. All her treasures are no
thinge els but synnes, wiche thou
1. peter. 2. hast talzen vpon the, and payed
all her whole dette. With thy
goodes, and great laundes, thou
hast made her so riche, and with
so greate a ioynter, that she (now
inu- herselfe to be thy (uowed
wife) doth beleue to be quitte of
all that she oweth, estiming very

lytell, this that she doth se here be
neth. She forsaketh her olde father,
and all the goodes that he geueth
for her husbandes sake. Surely (o my
god) my soule is well hurte, to be sede
of suche good as for to leaue the plea-
sure of this worlde for thesame wich
is euerlasting, where peace is without
warre. I merualle howe she (for ioye
doth not lese her witte, cõtenaunce,
and speche. Father, father: alas
what ought I to thinke: shall my
spirite be so bolde to take vpon
him to call the father, and also,
our father. ffor so hast thou said

math. 6. in the pater noster. But to call me,
a daughter, hast thou ſ[illegible] ſayd, i be
ſeche the tell it me. alas. ye, ffor (with
great ſwittenes) thou ſaydest, daug-
prouer. 23. ther, lende me thy harte: O my
god, in ſtedde of lending, he is redy
to giue hymſelfe wholy vnto the.
Receyue hym, than, and do not
permitte, that any body put hym
farre ſrome the: ſo that ſoreuer
(with ſaythfull ſtedfastenes) he may
loue the with a daugtherly loue.
Now my lorde, if thou be my fa
ther, may i thinkzeme to be youre
that i am thy mother. ffor i can not

perceyue howe I ſhuld conc[illegible]
the, wich hast created me: But th[illegible]
didest my doutte, when in preachin[illegible]
ſatisfie
ſtretchinge furth thy handes) thou
didest ſay: Thoſe that ſhall do
the wille of my father; they are
my brethern, and mother. I beleue
than that (heerin[illegible] or redinge the
wordes, that thou didest ſaye and
hast ſayd by thy holy prophettes,
theſame alſo, wich (through thy
good preachers) thou do dayly de-
clare vnto men: beleuinge, and de-
ſiringe ſtedfastely to fulfille it) that
through loue I haue begotten the

mat. 12.

Therfore without any feare will
i talze vpon me the name of the
mother. Mother of god: o fwitte
virgin mary. I beſeche the be not ſory
that i talze vp ſuche a titell: I do
neyther ſteale, or pretende any
thinge vpon thy priuilege. ffor
thou (onely hast aboue all wome
luke 1. receaued ſo great honnoure; that
no man can not in hymſelfe
comprehende, howe he hath ben
willinge to talze in the our fleſhe.
ffor thou art mother, and perfyt
virgin, before, after, and in hys
byrth. Thou didst beare, and

norysshed hym in thy holy . . . be.
Thou didest folowe hym at his
preaching, and also when he was
troubled. Nowe to spelze shorte,
thou hast with god founde the gra luke.1
ce, that oure enmy (through malice
and deceyte) had caused adam and
hys posterite to lese. Through eue,
and hym, we had lost it and, by rom.5.
thy sonne, hath ben yelded vnto ihon.1.
vs againe. Therfore hast thou ben
ryghtely named, full of grace, ffor luke.1.
thou lakest, neyther grace or ver
tue, fyth that he (wich is the beste
emonge them that be good, also

the ſpring of all goodnes, grace, and
power, wich hath created in the ſo
pure innocency, that thou art the
example of all vertues) hath buylded
in the, his dwellinge, and temple He
(through loue) did conforme himſelfe
with the, and thou art tranſformed
with hym. Therfore, if any man
ſhuld thinke to geue the greater
prayſe than god hymſelfe hath
done, it were a blaſphemy. ffor
there is no ſuche prayſe, as the ſame
is wich cometh frome god. Alſo
haſt thou had ſo ſtedfaſte, and
constante a fayth, that by grace

ſhe had the power to make the god
ly. Therfore i wil not take vpon
me to gyue the greater prayſe, than
the honnoure wich the ſouerayne
lorde hath gyuen vnto the. ffor
thou art his corporall mother, and
alſo (through fayth) his ſpirituall
mother. I han. (ffolowinge thy faith
with humilitie) am .hys ſpirituall
mother. Alas my god: of the frater
nite that thou hast towardes me
through thy humblenes, in callinge
me, ſyster, didest thou euer ſayd
any thinge of it: alas, ye, ffor thou
hast brolzen the lzinrede of myne

olde father, callinge me daughter of
adoption. Well, than. ſyth that we
haue but one father, I will not feare
to call the, my brother. ffor ſo haſt
thou ſayd by ſalomon in his ballet,
cantic. 4. ſayenge. my ſyſter, thou haſt won
ded my harte with the ſwitte lokꝛe
of one of thy eyes. and with one
of thy heeres. Alas good brother.
I wiſhe for nothinge els, but that
in wonding the, i might ſynde my
ſelf wonded with thy loue. And
in lyke wiſe thou doeſt call me, wiſe.
ſhewinge that thou louest me,
and call me (by true loue) ſiſter

ny doue, ryſe vp my ſpowſe. Ther cantic. 2
ore ſhall i ſay, with louing faith.
hou art myn. and i am thyne.
Thou doest call me, loue. and ſaire
powſe. if ſo it be, ſuche hast thou
made me. Alas; doth it pleaſe the
o geue me ſuche names: they are
nable to breake a mans harte. and
o kindle hym by ſuche loue. when
he thinketh vpon the honnoure
wich is greater than he hath deſer
ued. Mother. mother: but what
childe is it; it is of ſuche a ſonne. ſ
my harte doth breake for loue.
My god my ſonne: O ieſus what

ſpeche ſpelzing is this: mother and
daugther: O hapy lzinede. O what
ſwittenes doth procede of theſame
paternite. But what daugtherly
loue. and reuerent ſeare ought I to
haue towardes hym. My father: ye
pſal. 26. and my creatoure. my protectoure
and, 30. and my conſeruatoure: to be thy
ſyster: alas here is a greate loue:
Nowe doeſt thou brealze my hart
in the middes: malze rowme for
theſame ſo ſwitte a brother: ſo that
no other name be written in the
but onely my brother: ieſus, the
ſonne of god. ffor vnto no other

man wil i geue place, for all the
grudginge, and beyttinge ẏ they
can do vnto me. Kepe my harte
than my brother, and lett not thy
enmy entre in it. O my father, bro
ther, childe, and ſpowſe; with
handes ioyned, humbly vpon my
knees, i yelde the thanks, and
praiſe, that it pleaſeth the to turne
thy face towardes me, conuerting
my hart, and coueringe me with
ſuch grace, that thou doest ſe
no more my yuels, and ſynnes
ſo well hast thou hydden them,
that it ſeeth thou hast put them

in forgetfulnes. yea, and also they
seme to be forgotten of me, wich
haue cõmitted them ffor faith and
loue, causeth me to forgett them,
putting wholy my truste in the
onely. Than my father, in whom
lyeth vnfayned loue: wherof can
i haue feare in my harte: I confesse
iames, 7. that i haue done all the yuell that
one man can do, and that of my
selfe, i am naught; also that i haue
offended the, as the prodigal child
did, folowing the solisshe tradde
of the flesshe, where i haue spent
all my substancy. and also all the

abundance of goodes: wich i had re
ceiued of the. ffor, pouertie had we
thered me, euen as hey, and yelded
my ſpirite deed for hunger, ſelzyng
to eate the relieſz of ſwinne: but i
founde very lytell ſauoure in ſuch
meates. Than iſeyng my liuynge
to be ſo miſerable) did returne = ich.n.c.
vnto the, O father. Alas i haue ſinned
in heauen, and before the: I am = luke, is.
not worthy (i tell it afore euery =
man) to call ~~myſelfe~~ be called thy
childe, but (o bountieſull father) =
do no worſe vnto me, but as to =
one of thy houſeholde ſeruauntes

Alas what loue, and zeale is thys: ffor thou woldest not tary my comming, and prayer, but (ſtretching furth thy hande) receuedyſt me: when i did thinlze that thou woldest not ſe me: and in ſtedde to haue puniſhemente, thou doeſt aſſure me of my ſaluacion. Where is he, than, that ſhall puniſhe me when my father ſhall denye hym my ſynne. There is no iudge that can condemne any man, onleſſe god himſelfe wolde damne hym. I feare not to haue lalze of goodes, ſyth i haue god for my father.

My enmy ſhall do me no harme,
ffor my father ſhall vndowe hys
power. If i owe any thing he ſhal paye
it for me. If i haue deſerued death
he (as a lzinge) ſhall geue me gra
ce, and pardon. and delyuer me
frome priſon, and hanging. But
here is the worſe: what mother
haue i ben: ffor after that i had
receued the name of a true mother
than haue i ben to rude vnto the.
ffor after that i had conceyued,
and brought the furth; i leſte rea
ſon, and borne ſubiette vnto my owne
will, not talzing hide vnto the,

2 kingz. I fell a ſlepe, and gaue place to my
great enmy: the wich in the nyght
of ignoraunce (i beyng a ſlepe) did
ſteale the ſrome me, craſtely, and in
the place ſhe did put her childe wich
was dead. So did i leſe the by my
owne ſaute, wich thinge is a harde
remorſe for me. Nowe haue i loſte
the by mine owne ſautte, by cauſe i tolze
no hyde to lzepe the. My enmy, my
ſenſualite (i beyng in my beaſtely
ſlepe) did ſteale the ſrome me, and
gaue me an other childe hauinge
no life in hym, wich is called ſynne,
whom i will not haue ffor i do vt

terly forsake hym She affyrmyd
that he was myn owne, but i knewe
knewe hym to be hers ffor as soone
as i came to the light of the grace
wich thou haddest geuen me, than
i knewe my glory to be chaunged
when i sawe the deed child not to
be myn: ffor the same wich was a
liue (whom she had taken awaye)
was mynowne. Betwene iesus, and
synne, is the chaunge so apparent.
But here is a straunge thing: This
olde woman causeth me hym with
to kepe
is dead, whom she sayeth to be
myn, and so she will maytene. O

ſalomon true iudge thou haſt herd
this lamentable proces, and or=
deyned (contenting the parties)
that my child ſhuld be diuided
in two partes The falſe woman
agreeth it ſhuld be ſo: but i(re=
membring hym to be my owne
ſonne) was rather contente to=
leſe hym, than to ſe his body par
ted in two peces (ffor true, and
parfaitte loue is neuer contente
with one halfe of this that ſhe
loue) but i wolde rather wyppe
for my whole loſſe than to reco
uer but one halfe. My mind ſhuld

not be ſatisfied, if i had recouered
one halfe withoute life. Alas geue
her rather the childe wiche is a //
liue: better it is for me to dye, thā
to ſe ieſuschrist dyuided. But (o my
lorde) thou didest lolze better to
it, than i, ffor, thou (ſeynge the //
payne that i did ſuffer. and howe
i did rather forſalze my ryghtꝛe
than to ſe ſuche cruelnes) ſaydest,
this is the true mother and cau ℨ. kingℨ.
ſed them to gyue me my childe
againe. O ſwitte ieſus, haue i ꝛe-
ſounde the after to haue proued //
me if i did loue the, i who had //

loste the, yet didest thou retourne
vnto me. Alas doest thou vouchaſe to
come againe to her wiche, beynge
let with ſynne, coulde not lzepe the,
O my ſwitte childe, my ſonne, my
nourriture, of whom i am ryght
humble creature; do not permytte
that euer i do leaue the; ſſor i repent
myſelſe of the tyme paſsed. Nowe
come, my ſenſualitie, with ſynnes of
all qualities, ſſor thou haſt not the
power to malze me receyue ỹ childe
wich is dead. Theſame that i haue
is ſtronge inough for to defende
me. and he ſhall not permitte that

thou do take hym awaye frome
me. He is alredy as strong as any
man is: therfore maye i slepe, and
take reste neere of hym. ffor he shal
kepe me better than i could kepe
hym. Than (as i thinke) i maye //
take reste. O what a switte reste
it is, of the mother, and the sonne
togyther. My switte childe: O my
god; honnoure, and praise be vnto
the, onely, so that euery body maye
perceyue, howe it hath pleased
the, me lesse than nothing to call
a mother: the more that ye thing
is straunge, and harde to be done,

the more ought thy goodnes haue
praiſe for it. And alſo, I finde myſelf
more bounde vnto the, than euer I
did for this that it pleaſeth the to
haue reteyned me for thy ſyſter. I
am ſyſter vnto the, but ſo naughty
a ſyſter, that better it is for me to
hyd ſuche a name: ffor I forgettinge
the honnoure, and adoption of ſo
noble Izmrede; alſo thy ſo ſwitte a
brotherly behauoure towardes me
did ryſe againſt the. and (not rem
bring my fauttes, but goynge farre
fromme the) did agree with my bro
thern aaron, willinge to giue iudge

mente againste thy worlzes, and also
grudging againste the priuely, wiche
thinge causeth me to haue a great re//
morse in my conscience. O bountiefull
god, brother, and true moses, wich
doth all thinges with godnes, and
iustice. i haue estimed thy dedes
to be witlzed, beynge so bolde, and
sayenge rashely: why hast thou se
married a straunge woman: Thou
gyuest vs a lawe, and punishemēt
if we do not fulfille it: and thyselfe //
wolde not be bounde to it. forbiding
vs the thinge wich thyselfe dedyst //
for thou doest forbide vs to lzide //

no man; and thou doest lzille and
exo. 22. ſpeared none of thre thouſande that
thou cauſed to be ſlayne. Alſo god
gaue vs commaundemente by the
that we ſhuld not marry ẏ dauȝ-
ther of a ſtraunger: but thou tolzest
thy wiſe emonge them. Alas my bro
ther. i tolde the a great many of ſuch
wordes, wiche i lznowe well to be
ſoliſhe, wherof i do repente: ffor ẏ
liucly voyce of god tolde me vp
aſore i went oute of the place. What
dideſt thou of my ſynne: alas my
brother thou woldest not haue
nume. 12. me to be puniſhed: but rather

woldest for my helthe and salua
cion in aslzinge for thys great be //
neſite, that it ſhuld pleaſe god to
mitigate hys iudgemente: The //
wiche thinge thou couldest not
obtayne; ſſor i became a lazare,
ſo that whan any body ſhulde
lolze vpon vpon me, might ſaye
that i had not ben wiſe. And //
ſo was i put (lilze a lazare) ſrome
the tentes and habitacion of the
people: ſſor a ſoule can not haue
greater puniſhemente, than to be
baniſhed ſrome the company of
them that are good and holy //

bycauſe that a ſylze body maye
marre them wiche be in helthe. But
what didest thou ffor ſeynge my
repentaunce; ffor thou didest helpe
that my penaunce was ſoone ended
By truc loue, thou didest pray for
me, and than did i returne. O
what brother, who in ſtedde to pu
niſhe hys ſoliſhe ſyſter wolde ſo
cleaue vnto her. ffor iniury grudge
and greate offence, thou gauest her
grace, and loue in recompenſe. Alas
my brother this is to moche, thou ſhul
dest not do ſuche a good turne vnto
ſuche a poore woman as i am. I haue

done yll, and thou geuest me good //
for it. I am thine, and thou didest say
that thou art myn. Thyne i am, and
so will i be for euer. I feare no more //
the great folishenes of aaron. ffor no //
man shall lose me frome the. Nowe
than that we are brother, and syster
togyther, i care but lytell for all other
men. Thy laundes are my owne ☙ psal. 26.
inheritaunce, lett vs than kepe (if it
pleaseth the) but one husholde. Syth
it pleaseth the to humble thyselfe so
moche, as to ioyne thy harte with ☙
myn, in malzinge thyselfe a lyuely //
mem. i do ryght humbly thanke the

and as for to do it as i ought, it lieth
not in my power. Take my meaning
than, and excuse myne ignoraunce,
syth that i am of so great a kinrede
as to be thy syster: O my god, i haue
good cause to praise, to loue, and to
serue the vnfaynedly, and not to de
syre, or feare any thing, but the, onely
Kepe me wel, than, ffor i aske no
other brother, or frende. If any mo
ther hath taken any care for her
sonne; If any brother hath hyd the
fautte of hys syster: I neuer sawe it
(or elles it was kepte wonders secrette)
that any husbande wolde forgiue

his wife, after that she had offended
hym and did returne vnto hym.
There be inoughe of them, wiche for
to auenge their wronge, did cause
the iudges to condemne ~~hym~~ them to dye.
Other seynge their wiues synne,
did not soudaynely speare theyr
owne handes to kille them. Other
also (seynge their sautes to appeare)
did sent them home agayne to
their owne frendes. Other (seynge
their yll dedes, did shutte them in
a prison. Nowe to spelze shorte,
lolze vpon all theyr complexions,
for the ende of their pretence, is no

thinge els, but punishemente. And ye
lesse harme that euer i coulde per-
ceyue, in punishinge them: thys it
is, that they wolde neuer se them
agayne. ~~Thuldest rather~~. Thou
shuldest rather malze the stzye to
to turne, than to malze the agree-
ment betwne the husbande, and
hys wife, whan he znoweth truly
the saulte that she hath done, or
els hath sene, and founde her in
doynge amisse. Wherfore (O my
god) i can finde no man to be co-
pared vnto the: ffor thou arte the
parfaulte example of loue; and now

(more than euer i did) i do confesse,
that i haue brolzen myne othe, and
promesse. Alas thou haddest cho
sen me for thy wife. and didest sett Osea. 2.
me vp in great dignitie, and hon
nour (ffor what greatter hônour
may one haue than to be in the
place of thy wife, wich swittely ta
lzeth reste nere to the) of all thy
goodes, quene, maistres, and lady
and also in surctie, both of body
and soule. i so vile a creature, be
ynge ennoblished by the. Nowe
(to tell the truth) i had more, and
better, than any man can desyre

Therfore, my harte hath cauſe to
ſyghe alwayes, and, with habun-
pſal.94. daunce of teares myne eyes to come
out of my head. My mouthe can-
not make to many exclamacions.
ffor, there is neyther olde, or newe
writtinges, that can ſhewe ſo pitie-
full a thinge, as theſame is, wiche i
will tell, nowe. Shall, or deare i tell
it, maye i pronounce it withoute
ezech.36. ſhame: alas, ye; ffor, my confuſion
is for to ſhewe the great loue of
my huſbande: therfore i care not,
if for his worſhip, i do declare my
ſhame. O my ſauioure wiche

dyed, and was crucified on the //
croſse, for my ſynnes: thys dede is //
not ſuch as to leaue hys ſonne, and
as a childe, to offende hys mother: //
or elles (as a ſyſter) to grudge, and
chyde agaynſt hys brother. Alas //
thys is worſe: ffor, the offenſe is the //
greater, where more loue, and Iznow
ledge is. And the more we receyue //
of god familiarite, and beneſites: the
offenſe is the greater to deceyue hym
I, wich was called ſpowſe, and loued
of the, as thyne owne ſoule. Shall i //
tell the truth; ye, I haue leſte forgot //
ten and raunne awaye ſrome the. //

I did leaue the, for to go at my plea-
sure. I haue forsalzen the for to
choyce an worse. I did leaue the (o
spring of all goodnes, and saythfull
promesse. I did leaue the: but whether
went I; in a place where nothinge
is but cursydnes. I haue leste, my
trusty frende, and louer worthy to
be loued aboue all other. I haue
leste the, through myne owne yll
will. I haue leste the, full of beautie, good
nes, wisedom, and power: And (for
deuto. 32. the better to ~~wi~~ outdrawe myselfe
frome thy loue) i haue talzen thyne
enmy, wich is the dyuell, ye world

and the ſleſhe: for whoſe to ouercome
thou haſt ſoghte ſo ſore on the croſſe
for to put me in libertie, whom they galat. 4.
had a longe tyme kepte priſonnere /
ſlaue, and ſo bounde; that no man /
coulde cauſe me to humble myſelfe /
And, as for the loue, and charitie, ỳ /
i ſhuld haue towardes the: they did
quenſhe it; ſo that the name of ieſus
my huſbande (wich before i had ſo
ſounde ſo ſwitte) was to me, tedious. prouer. 1
and i did hate it, ſo that oftentimes /
i did geaste at it. And if any man
(we hearinge a ſermon) ſhuld ſaye
vnto me; the preacher ſayeth well

i wil answere, it is true: but my w
wordes ~~doth~~ flee did flee awaye, as
a fether doth. and i went neuer to
the church but for maner salze. w
all my dedes were but ypocrisy: ffor
my mynde was in other places.
I was enoyed when i herde spealze
of the. ffor, ~~my mynde was~~ in
~~other~~ places i was more willinge
to go at my pleasure. Nowe to w
spelze shorte, all this that thou di
dest forbide me, i did it and all t
thou cõmaundedst me to do: i
did eschue it, and all thys (O my
god) by cause i did not loue the

et for all thys that i did hate for
alze, raune a waye and betrayed
he bycauſe i ſhuld geue thy place
o an other: haſt thou ſuffered ỹ
ſhuld be med-molzed, or elles bea
en, or lzilled: Hath thou ſett me
ut me in darlze priſon, or bani
hed ſyttyng nought by me.
Haſt thou talzen awaye agayne
hy gyftes, and iouyelles, for to pu
niſhe me of my vnſaythful turne
ſinnes. Haue i loſte my iointer
wich thou hadyſt promyſed me
bycauſe i did offende againſt the
Am i accuſed by the aſore

iudge. as a naughty woman ſhuld
be. yet, haſt thou forbiden me, that
i ſhuld neuer preſente myſelfe be
fore the (euen as reaſon was) and
alſo that i ſhuld neuer come to thy
houſe. O true parfaitte huſbande
and frende. the moſte louinge //
emonge all good louers. Alas //
thou haſt done otherwiſe: ffor //
thou ſoughtest for me diligentely
when i was ſuynge in the moſt
depe place of hell, where all the
~~good~~ yueles are done. I that //
was ſo farre frome the, both hart
and mynde oute of the true way

than didest thou call vpon me ſay
enge. My daughter: harlze, and ſe pſal. 44
and bowe thy hearinge towardes
me. Forget, alſo. thſame maner of
people, with whom thou didest
raune awaye ſrome me. and alſo
the houſe of thyne olde ſather, where
thou hast dwelled ſo longe: than
the lzinge ſull of godlines ſhal deſyre
thy company But, when thou ſawest
that thys ſwitte, and graciouſe ſpe
lzing. did me no good: than thou
begannest to cry. Come vnto me math. 11
all ye with are werey with läboure
I am i that ſhall receyue, and ſeat

you with my bread. Alas i wolde
not harke vnto all these wordes: ffor i dou
ted whether it were thou, or els a
symple writtinge, that so sayd. ffor i
was so solishe that without loue i
did rede your thy worde. I sawe, and
vnderstoude well that the compa
deuto.7 rayssons of the vineyarde, wich brou
say.s brought furth thornes, and poy
sons in stedde of good frutte; thou
saydest all this of me, wich had so
done. Consiederinge also that when
thou didest call the wife, sayenge, come
canti.4 againe all this thou didest
spede by cau[illegible] my synne leaue

and of all these wordes, i did as
though i had vnderstand neuer
a worde. But when i did rede ie
remy the prophet, i confesse that
i had in the reading of it, feare
in my harte, and shame in my
face. I will tell it, ye, and with yͤ
teares in myne eyes, and for all thy
honnoure, and to supresse my
pride. Thou hast sayd this by
thy holy prophet. If a woman hiere 3
hath offended her husbande, and
lefte hym for to go with a other
man: they neuer sawe that the hus
bande wolde take her againe. Ie

ſhe not estimed to be poluted, and of no
value. The lawe doth consente to put
her in the handes of the iustice, or els
dryue her awaye, and neuer se her, or
take her againe But thou, wich hast
made separacion of my beade, and
did put thy false louers in my place //
and commyted fornicacion with
them. yet, for all thys thou mayest
come vnto me againe ffor i will
not be angry againste the. Liste vp
thyne eyes, and lolze vp than shalt
thou se in what place thy synne had
leade the. and how thou lyest down
in the earth. O poore soule; lolze where

hy ſynne hath put the: euen vpon the
nyghe wayes, where thou didest wayte.
ınd taryed ſor to begyle them that //
ame by. Euen as a thief doth wich
s hydden in wildernes. Therſore (ha
uinge fullfilled thy pleaſure) thou haſt
infected (with fornicacion) all the
earth wiche was aboute the. Thyne eye
thy forehed, and thy face, had loſte
all their good maner. ffor they were
ſuche as thoſe of an harlotte, and //
yet thou haddest no ſhame of thy //
ſynne. And the ſurplus that ieremy
ſayeth. Wich thinges conſtrayneth //
me to know my wretched life and

to wisshe (with sorowfull syghes) the /
daye, the houre, the moneth, the yere
and the tyme, that i did leaue the. /
yeldinge myselfe condemned, and /
worthy to be for euer in the euerla
stinge fyre. Thesame feare (wiche
prouer. 15 doth not procede of me, but comet
of the, and excedeth all pleasure) /
had almoste put me in despayre
as often as i did remember my so
synne: if it hath not ben, that thou
neuer lestest me. ffor as soone as /
thou knewest my wille bowen for
to obey the: than (puttinge in me /
a liuely fayth) thou didest vse of thy

lemency, and goodnes. so that after
I knewe the, to be lord, maister, and
kinge (of whom i ought to haue feare)
than founde i my feare to be quenshed
beleuinge that thou were so gracious
good, switte, and pitiefull husbande,
that i (wich shuld rather hyd me than to
haue myselfe) was not afeared to go
and seke for the: and in sekinge i
founde the. But, what dredest thou,
than, hast thou refused me: Alas (my
god) no. but rather excused me. se
Hast thou turned thy face from me,
no, for thy switte loke hath pene
tred my harte, wonding hym

death geuinge me remorse of my //
synnes. Thou hast not put me back
luke.15. with thy hande: but with both thy
armes, and with a swifte and man
ly harte, thou didest mete with me
by the waye: and not reprochinge
my sauttes, embrassedst me. I could
not se, beholding thy contenance. //
that euer thou didest perceyue
myne offence. ffor. thou hast done
as moche for me, as though i had
ben good, and honeste. and didest
hyd my sautte from euery body
in geuing me againe the parte of //
thy bedde. and also shewinge that

the multitude of my ſynnes are ſo //
hydden, and ouercome by thy ℞
great victory, that thou wilt neuer
remember them; ſo thou ſeist nothig
in me but the grace, gyftes, and ver
tues, wich it pleaſeth thy goodnes //
to gyue me. O charitie: ſe well ȳ //
thy goodnes doth conſume my le
udnes, and maketh me a godly //
and beautifull creature. Thys that
was myn thou haſt destroyed it //
and made me ſo parfaitte a creature
that thou haſt done me as muche //
good as any huſband can do vnto
hys wife. gcuenge me a faythfull ℞

hope in thy promesses Nowe I
haue(through thy good grace) reco
uered the place of thy husbande=
wise. O hapy, and desyred place,
gracious bedde, trone ryghthono
rable, seate of peace, rest of all wa
warre, hygh steppe of honnoure=
separate from the earth: doest thou rec
thys vnworthy creature, gyuinge
her the sceptre, and crowne of
thyne empire, and glorious realme
Who did euer heare speke of such
a thinge; as to rayse vp one so high.
wich of herselfe was nothing and
maketh of a great value, thys y^t.

of it self was nought Alas what thing
is this. ffor, i casting myne eyes un
high, i se in the goodnes so vnknowen
grace, and loue so incomprehensible
that my syght is leste inuisible Thã
am i constrayned to loke down: //
and lolzing down, i do se what i //
am, and what i was willinge to be
Alas i do se in it the leudnes, darke
nes and extreme depenes of my
yudles. Also my death wiche by
humblenes closeth myne eye. The //
admyrable goodnes of the; and ỹ
vnspeakeable yuell wich is in me. //
Thy hiones, and right pure maeste.

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my ryht fragile, and mortall nature.
Thy gyftes, gooddes, and beatitude,
my malice, and great vnkindnes //
Howe good thou art vnto me: and
howe vnkind i am vnto the. Thys
that thou wilt: and this that i pur
ſhue. Wich thinges conſidered, cau
ſeth me to meruayle, how it plea
ſeth the to ioyne thyſelfe vnto me, //
ſeynge that there is no comparaiſō
betwene vs both: ffor thou arte
my god, and i am of thy worke
Thou arte my creatore, and i am
thy creature Nowe, to ſpeke ſhorte,
i can not define what it is of the. //

hebr. 7

ffor i knowe myſelfe to be the leſt
thinge that can be compared vnto
the. O loue: thou madeſt thys a//
greement, when thou didest ioyne
life, and death togyther: but the
vnion hath viuified death. Life dy
enge, and life without ende, hath//
made oure death a life. death hath
geuen vnto life. quycke death.
Through ſuch death (i beyng deed)
receyued life: and by death, i am//
rauiſhed with hym, wich is aliue.
I liue in the, and, as for me, i am
deed. ffor, death is nothinge els to//
me, but the. cominge oute of a priſon

Death is life vnto. ffor through d
death, i am aliue. This mortall life
yeldeth me full of care, and sorowe:
and death yeldeth me contente.
O what a goodly thinge it is, to /
dye, wich causeth my soule to liue.
in delyuringe her, trough thys mor
tall death, exempt from miserable
death, and equall vnto god, with
so mighty a loue, that (onles she //
doth dye) she languisheth alwayes
Is not than, the soule blameles wich
wolde ffine dye, for to haue such //
life: ye surely. ffor she ought to
call the death her welbeloued

philip

ſrende. O ſwitte death, pleaſaunte
ſorowe, mighty keye, delyuringe //
from ſorowe, all thoſe. wich tru //
ſtinge in the, and in thy paſsion //
were mortiſied, bycauſe the did truſte
in the, and in thy death. ffor, with
an ſwitte ſlepe, thou didest putt //
them ſrome the death, wich cauſed
them to lamente. O how hapy is //
theſame deedly ſlepe vnto hym, the
wiche when he waketh, doth ſinde
(through thy death) the euerlasting
life. ffor, the death is no other thinge
to a christen man, but a liberte //
ſrome hys mortall baunde. And //

the death wich is feareſull to ỹ. wiked
is pleaſante. and agreable to them ỹ
philip be good. Than is death (through //
hebre 2 thy death destroyed. Therfore my
god, if i were rightely thaught, i //
ſhuld call the death, life, ende of //
labourc, and begyning of euerlastig
ioye. ffor i knowe that the longe //
life doth lett me fromc thy ſyght //
O death, come, and breake the ſam
obstacle of life. or els loue do nowe
a myracle. Syth that i can not yet
ſe my ſhowſe: transforme me with
hym both body and ſoule: and //
than ſhall i the better tary for ỹ //

cominge of death. lett me dye, that
i maye liue with hym: for there is
none, that can helpe me, onles it be
thou onely. O my sauioure, through
sayth, i am plaunted, and ioyned rom. 11.
with the. O what vnion is thys //
syth (through sayth) i am sure of //
the; and nowe i maye call the: 1 thon. 1.
sonne, father, spowse, and brother.
Father, brother, sonne, husband
O what giftes thou doest gyue //
by the goodnes of those names. //
O my father: what paternite. O
my brother: what fraternite. O //
my childe: what dilection. O my

husband: O what conionction.//
Father full of humilitie. Brother//
hauinge taken our similitude. Sõne
engendred through faith, and cha
ritie. husbande louing in all extre
mite. But whom doest thou loue
Alas it is she, the wich thou hast//
withdrawen frome the snare.//
wherein, through mlice, she was
bounden, and gaue her ỹ place
name, and office, of a daughter,
syster, mother, and wife. O my sa
uioure: thesam swittenes is of great//
sauoure, right pleasaunte, and of//
a switte tast, if any may spekc

vnto the, or els heare the. And cal
linge the (withoute any ſeare) father
childe, and ſpowſe: hearing the, hiere, 3
i do heare myſelfe to be called, ye
mother, ſyſter, daughter, and ſpe cantic, 4. 5
ſpowſe. Alas, nowe maye ye ſoule ye
(wich doth finde ſuche ſwittenes) to
be conſumed by loue. Is there any
loue that may be compared vnto
this, but it hath ſome yuell condi
cion. Is there any pleaſure to be //
estimed. Is there any honnoure, //
but it is accounted for ſhame. Is //
there any profitte, to be compared
vnto this. I owe to ſpeke ſhorte, //

is there any thinge that more I co
could loue; alas no: ffor he ỹ loueth
god. doth repute all theſe thinges
philip 3 worſe than a donge hyll. Pleſure
profitte, and honnoure of thys
worlde are but trifles vnto hym
with hath founde the loue of
god. ffor ſuche loue is ſo profita
ble, honorable, and abundante:
psal 106 that, ſhe onely, contenteth ỹ harte
and yeldeth hym ſo contente (as i
deare ſaye) that he neuer deſyreth
or wolde haue other thinge. ffor
whoſoeuer hath god (as we ou
ought to haue hym) he that aſketh

any other thinge, is a superfluous //
man. Nowe, thanked be god, throug
faith, haue i recouered, and gotten //
thesam loue: wherfore i ought to
be satisfied, and contente. Nowe i //
haue the, my father, for the defence
of the solishenes of my longe youth
Nowe haue i the, my brother, for to
succoure my sorowes wherin i find
no ende. Nowe i haue the, my sōne,
for the onely stey of my feble age. //
Nowe haue i the true, and fayth //
full husband, for the satisfieng of //
my whole harte and mynd. Nowe
fyth that i haue the, i do forsake //

all them that be in the world. Syth
cantic,3. that i holde the, thou ſhalt eſcape
me no more. Syth that i ſe the: i will
loke vpon nothing that ſhuld kepe
me fromc the beholding of thy diui
pſal,84. nite. Syth that i do heare the: i will
cantic,3,8. heare nothinge that letteth me from
the enioyenge of thy voyce. Syth yͤ
it pleaſeth the to put me ſo neere the
i will rather dye, than to touche an
other man. Syth that iſerue the: i
will ſerue no other maiſter. Syth
that thou hast ioyned thy harte with
myne: if he doth departe fromc it
lett hym be puniſhed for euer ſor

the departinge frome thy loue, is
worse. than any damnacion is.
I do not feare the payne of ten
thousande helles, as moche as i do
to lese the, one daye of the weke.
Alas, my god, my father, and cre
atour: do not suffer that the dyuell
(inuentour of alsynne) hath suche //
power that he maketh me to lese thy psal. 7.
presence. ffor who-soeuer hath ones //
fell the loste of thy loue: he shall say
that i wolde rather be bounde for euer in //
hell, than to fele that he shall do. by ye
loste of thy loue one moment of tyme
O my sauioure, do not permitte that

euer i do departe frome the. But (if it
pleaseth the) put me in suche a place
that my soule, through wantonnes, or
synne be neuer lowsed frome thy
loue. ffor, in this worlde, i can not
haue perfettely, this my desire. wich
thinges considered, maketh me fer
uently, and with all my harte, to de
sire the departinge frome this mise
rable body, not fearing the death,
nor any of her instrumentes. ffor
what feare ought i to haue of my
god, wich (through loue) hath ende
moured hymselfe, and suffred death
wherto he was not bounde: but by

cause he shuld vndowe the power that this mortall death had. Nowe is iesus deed, in whom we are all deed: and through hys death, he causeth euery man to liue agayne. I meane those, wich, through fayth, are partakers of hys pasion. ffor, euen as the death, before the greate mystery of the crosse, was hard vnto euery body, and there was no man but was feared withall: considering the copulation of the body, and soule their order, loue, and agremente, where the extreme sorowe, was in the departinge one frome an other

2 timoth. 1

ecclesiastic 4

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But ſyth it hath pleaſed to the ſwitt
eſay. 53. lambe, to offer himſelfe vpon the croſſe,
hys greate loue hath kindled a fyre
withine our harte, ſo vehemente: ỹt
euery christenman ought to estime
the paſsage of death, but a pleye, or
paſsetyme; and ſo to prouoke one
an other to dye. ffor, euen as feare
of death did retarde vs; euen ſo,
loue ought to gyue vs a deſyre to
1. Ihon 4. dye. ffor: if true loue be vnfaynedly
withine the harte of a man; he can
not fele no other thinge; bycauſe ỹt
loue is ſo greate of itſelfe, that ſhe
kepeth all the rowme, and putteth

oute all other desyres: not suffring
any thinge in hym, but god onely.
For (wherfocuer true, and perfytte
louc is) we do neyther remember
feare, or els sorowe. If oure pryde,
(for to get honnoure) maketh vs to
seke for death, withso many mea
nes. If (for to haue a soliſhe plesure)
a man putteth hymselfe in icopardy
of his life. If a man (for to get riches)
doth put hys life in dãuger, for the
value of a shelinge. If the wille to
robe, or to kille, to beate, or to beguile
causeth often times the mynde of a
man to turne; so that he knowcth

doth not se the daunger of death whē
he will do any yll, or els auenge hym
selfe of any man. If the strenght of //
sykenes, or the desease of an melēcoly,
causeth a man to wishe for deathe:
and often tymes (as doth) drowen
hange, or kille hymselfe. ffor, suche
yuell, and desire, is so great; that he
causeth a man to choyce death, for
libertie. If so it be, than, these greate //
paynes, full of yuell, and imperfectiō
causeth them not to seare the hasard //
of death, and it semeth vnto them
that it cometh to late. Alas what
ought true, and laudable loue //

do. What ought the loue of the //
creatore do: shulde she not styrre //
so the harte of a man. that he(beyng
transported with such affection) shuld
sele no other thinge in hym: Alas, ye
for death is a pleasaunte thinge to ỹ psal. xvi.
soule wich is in loue with god. and //
estimeth the passage easy. through ỹ // philip. i.
wich she cometh out of a prison. for
the harde way (through the wiche //
she cometh for to embrasse her hus //
band) can not wery her. O my sauiour.
how good thesame death is. through
the wich we shall haue the ende of //
all sorowe. by whom also we shall //

cnioye of thy ſyght, and be transfor
med vnto the likenes of thy maieſt
O death (through thy dede) i truſte
to haue ſo moche honnoure, that
wpon my knees (in crienge, and //
wepinge) i do deſire the: come quic
kely, and make an ende of my pein
and ſorowe. O hapy daughters. //
right holy ſoules, ioyned in to the /
citie of Ieruſalem: opene your eyes
and (with pitie) loke vpon my de
ſolacion. I beſeche ye, that in my //
name) ye will ſay tell vnto my god
my frende and kinge, howe, at /
euery houre of the day, i do lan //

pſal. 119.

cantic. 5.

quiſhe for hys loue. O ſwitte death,
through ſuche loue come to me, and
with loue, bringe me vnto my god
O death: where is thy ſtinge, and dart: 1 corinth.
alas they are vaniſhed ſrome myne
yes, for rigoure is chaunged in to //
ſwittenes. Iſyth that my ſrende did ſuſ
er death vpon the croſſe for my //
ake hys death doth ſo encourage my
harte, that thou art vnders gentyll
o me, if i might ſolowe hym. O de
leath i beche the beſeche the come to
out the ſrende with hys loue. Nowe, //
yth that death is ſo pleaſaunte a-life //
hat ſhe pleaſyth me more thā ſcareth

fea me: than i ought to feare nothing
but the true iudgemente of god All
my fynnes, with hys iuste balaunce
shall be weyd, and shewen openly
Thys that i haue done, also my the
thought, and worde, shall be better
luke. 12. knowen, than if it were written in a
and math. 10 rolle And we may not thinke that
charitie, wolde offende iustice, and
truth ffor, whosoeuer doth liue vn
faythfully, shall be punished in the
psal. 7 euerlasting peine! God is iuste, and
hys iudgemente is righteous All y
he doth is iuste in all thinges Alas
what am i, considering my right

ouſnes: I wretched and poore crea iob 15.
ture. ffor i knowe, that all ỹ workes
of iuſte men are ſo full of vices, that micha 7
before god, they are more ſylthy, thã
durth, or any other ſylthines. What eſay. 64.
ſhall it be, than, of the ſynnes wich pſal. 129
i do comitte, wherof i do fele the and 77.
burden importable: I can ſaye no //
thinge els, but that i haue wone //
damnacion. Is thys the ende: ſhall
deſpayre be the conſorte of my great
ignoraunce: Alas, my god, no: ffor
the muiſible faith, cauſeth me to be
leue, that all thinges wich are vnpoſ
ſible to men, are poſsible vnto the. // math 19

So that thou do conuerte my worke
rom.5. (wich is nothinge) in ſome good worke
and.8. Than. O lorde, who ſhall condemne
me: ſyth that he (wich is geuen me
for a iudge) is my huſband, my fa
pſal.89. ther, and my refuge. Alas what
and timoth.2. father, who doth neuer condemne
hys childe: but doth alwayes excu
ſe and defende hym. Than i ſe to
haue no other accuſer, but icſuschriſt
wich is my redemer, whoſe death
hath reſtored vs ourc inheritaunce
1.thon.2. for he made hymſelfe ourc man a
and 1 timo.2. lawe, ſhewynge hys ſo worthy me
rites afore god, wherwith my g=

great dette is so surmonted, that in
iudgemente she is accompted for
nothinge. O redemer, here is a
great loue: ffor we synde but fewe
such men of lawes. O switte iesus
it is vnto the, that i am a detter: ffor esay. 53
thou doest pray, and spekest for me hebr. 7
And morcouer, when thou doest rom. 8
se that i am poore, thou doest paye
my dette, with the abundance of
thy goodes. O incomprehensible
see of all goodnes O my father
doest thou vouchase to be my
iudge, not willinge the death of ezech. 18
the synner. O iesuschriste, true sysher matth.

and ſauioure of the ſoule: frend aboue all frendes. ffor thou beyng my man a lawe excuſed and did ſpeke for me where thou couldest // iuſtely accuſe me. I feare nomore to be vndone by any man. ffor the lawe is ſatisfied for all. My ſwitte // ſpowſe hath made the payment // ſo abundante, that the lawe can aſke nothing to me, but ſhe maye haue it of hym. ffor (as i beleue) he hath taken all my ſynnes to hym and gaue me hys goodes and ri ches. O my ſauioure (preſenting thy vertues) thou doest contente the //

petr. 2.

ehes lawe; when ſhe will reproche
me my ſynnes; thou docſt ſhewe her //
howe willingly in thyne own fleſhe
thou haſt taken the charge of them
through the coniunction of oure
mariage Alſo howe vpon ẏ croſſe,
through thy paſsion, thou haſt ſatis
fied for it Moreouer thy charitie //
haſt hath gyuen me this ẏ thou
haſt deſerued. Therfore (ſyth that
thy merite is myne owne) the lawe pſal. 84.
aſketh nothing of me. Thā will
I feare no more the iudgemente
but with deſyre rather than par
force, i do tary for the tyme that

i ſhall ſe my iudge, and heare of
hym, a iuſte iudgemente. yet, i knowe
that thy iudgemente is ſo iuſte, that
there is no ſaute in it: and that myne
vnfaithfulnes is worthy to ſuffer //
the cruelnes of hell. ffor. if i do only
conſydere my deſeruing, i can ſe no
thinge in it, that can kepe me from
the fyre of hell. True it is, that the //
turmente of hell was neuer prepa
red but for the dyuell, and not for
a reaſonable man. Neuertheles, if
any man hath put hys mynde //
to be like vnto the dyuell: than he
ought (as the dyuell ſhall) to be //

payed with ſuch a rewarde. But
if a man, through contemplacion
doth holde of the aungell, vertue
goodnes, and perfection, ſo that
he doth optayne heauen, wiche is
a place of like deſerumge: than ſhall
the vicioufe be puniſhed, with hym
to whom he did ioyne hymſelfe.
And ſyth he ſolowed ſatan, he
muſte kepe ſuche place, as is prepa
red for hym. Nowe i conſidering
the diuerſitie of both the ſortes, it
conſorteth my ſpirite but lytell
ſor i can not denye, but i am more
like vnto the dyuell, than to the.

ſapien. 1

math. 25.

aungell. Wherfore i feare and tre
ble: ffor the liuinge of the aungell //
is fo godly, that i am nothing like
vnto hym (this i do confeffe). but //
as for the other i am fo like vnto
hym, of malice in cuftome, that of
hys payne and turmente, i ought
to be partaker of it ffor the cruell
fynne wich hath bound me in //
hell is fo great; and fynne is ftroge
wich letteth nothinge come from
hym, and fearcth not that any //
man cometh to aſſayle hym. He //
wich is ſtronge, knoweth not how
his ſtrenght goeth a waye when

a ſtronger man than he cometh
Synne is ſtronge wich bringeth //
vs in to hell, and i coulde neuer ſe
that any man by merite, and //
payne coulde vainquiſhe helle, //
ſaue onely he wich hath made ſuch
aſſaute through charitie (he being
humbled to the croſse) that he hath philip. 2.
bounde and ouercome his enmy, bro ephes. 4.
ken hell and his power, ſo that he //
hath no further ſtrenght to kepe any
ſoule priſonnere the wich hath put //
her truſte in god. Than, beleuinge, //
and truſtinge in the power that god
hath, i do not ſett by hell and ſinne

not a ſtrawe ſſor. wherof can ſynne
emoye me, onles it be for to ſhewe,
how my god is mercyfull, ſtronge
mighty. and vanquiſher of all the //
yuell wiche is withine my hart. If
my ſynne forgiuen is the glory of //
my ſauioure. I ought likewiſe beleue
that alſo my glory is increaſed there
with knowledginge that I am plā
ted, and ioyned with hym. Hys
honnoure only doth honore all //
hys: And his riches doth repleniſhe
euery one of goodes. Than is hell, and
ſynne ouercomed by hym. O glouto
hell where is thy defence: Thou //

villayne ſynne: where is thy power
O death, where is thy ſtinge, and 1.corinth.15.
victory, wich are ſo muche ſpoken
of. In ſtedde of death, thou geuest
vs life, and ſo doest thou contrary
vnto thy wille. And alſo, thou ſinne,
wich wolde drawe euery body vnto
damnacion: thou doest ſerue vs of
a ladder, for to reſhe vnto the goodly
citie of iheruſalem. ffor, thou woldest
by thy curſed nature, that our maker
ſhulde leſe hys creature. But through
loue and grace, thou doest cauſe her rom.5.
to come againe, and ſubmitte herſelfe //
vnto god, more than euer ſhe did. //

his greate goodnes doth make the to
lese the payne wich thou doest take
all the whole weke. Therfore hell hath
not had all the number wich he did
pretende to haue: bycause that the //
shadowe and strenght of his passiō.
is such a protection to the soule, that
she ought to doute neyther deathe /
synne, or hell. Is there any thing tha
that can hurte me if god be willinge
through fayth to drawe me vnto //
him: I meane, fayth suche as we
muste haue for to obtayne y right
ephe. 2. highe gifte from aboue and also
suche fayth, wich through charitie we

doth ioyne the humble seruante, vnto
hys maker. I beynge ioyned vnto hym
ought to haue no feare of trauayle, //
payne, or els sorowe. ffor whosoeuer
willingly doth suffer any maner of //
death, or sorowe (as christ did) he /
doth fele in suche turmente greate /
consolacion for hys soule. Knowinge
that, as for myselfe, i am weake: and
with god, i am right stronge. By his
consorte i may do all thinges: ffor / philip, 4
hys loue is so stedfaste, and euerlastig
doth suffer that she varieth for nothig
of thys world. Who can, than, oute- rom, 8
drawe me frome hys grace: Surely the

greate hyght of heauen, nor the depe
nes of hell. nor the breade of all the /
earth, neyther death, or ſynne (wiche /
doth warre euery dayt againſte me)
can not ſeparate me one dayt frome /
the great loue and charitie that my /
father, through ieſuschriſte, hath vnto
me. ffor hys loue is ſuch, ỹ he loueth
me wiche doth not loue hym: and
yf i loue hym, than ſhall i fele hys /
loue to increaſe, by cauſe that my loue
is not worthy to loue hym: but i de
ſyre hys loue to be myne, the wiche
i fele ſuch as thoughe it were myne /
owne. Hys deſyre is to loue me: and

through hys loue, he cauſeth my hart
to be imflāmed with loue: and throug
ſuche loue, he ſyndeth hymſelfe ſo wel
beloued: that hys owne dede yeldeth
hym contente, and not myne owne
loue, or ſtrenght. Contentinge hymſelfe,
hys loue doth increaſe more in me //
than i can deſyre of hym. O true /
louer, ſpringe of all charitie, and the
onely purſe of the heauenly treaſure.
Ought i to thinke, deare i to ſaye //
what thinge thou art; maye i writteth
Can any mortall man conprehende /
thy goodnes, and loue: and if thou /
doest printe it withine any mannes /

harte, can he expresse it. No surely. ffor the capacitie of no man can not comprehende the vnmesurable goodnes wich are in the ffor naturall reason doth shewe vs, how there is no comparayson betwene an eternall, and a mortall thinge: but whē throughe loue the mortall is ioyned with the eternall, the mortall thinge is so full of the eternall that she can not fynde the ende of it. ffor she hath more ge good within her, than she cā holde: therfore doth a man (wich hath this loue) thinke that all the worlde is within hym. Euen as we se that the

psal. 144

ſunne with one onely ſperkell of hys
light doth blynde the eye of a man
and yet doth ſhe hydde her greate
light; but aſke to the eye what he hath
ſene: the eye will ſay that he hath ſene
the whole clartie of the ſunne; but that
is a lye. ffor he (beyng blinded with
a lytell ſperkell) coulde not ſe the
whole clartie of the ſunne, and neuer
theles he is ſo contente, that it ſemeth
vnto hym, if he had ſo much light
in hym as the ſame ſperkell was, that
he ſhuld not be able to ſuffer it. Euen
ſo the ſoule wich (through fayth) doth
fele one ſperkell of the loue of god thā

doth ſhe fynde thys fyre ſo great and
meruaylous ſo ſwitte and good, that
it is vmpoſsible vnto her to declare
what thinge theſame loue is. ffor aly
tell that ſhe hath felthe, doth yelde
her mynde ſatisfied and deſyringe
more of thys wherof ſhe hath ynough
So doth ſhe liue deſyringe, and lan
guiſhinge, and ſeghynge The harte
doth fele well that he hath receyued
to muche of it: but he hath cõceyued
ſuche deſire, in thys to muche, that
he allwaes deſyreth to receyue thig
wiche he can not haue, neyther is
he worthy to receaue He knoweth the

Eccleſiaſtic, 24

good that he hath alredy to be vnſpe
keable, and yet wolde he haue more
of thys wherof he can not ſkille. He
can neyther ſele, or thinke the good
wich is in hym Than, it lyeth not in
my power to tell what thinge ỹ loue
of god is, ſyth that i haue no know-
ledge of the ſeruentenes therof He that
thinketh to haue all this loue withine
his harte, can not truely declare what
thinge it is Happy is he wich hath
ſuche abundance, that he maye ſaye:
My god i haue inoughe of it He wiche
hath this loue withine hym, dar not
of it for feare that in ſpekinge he ſhuld

let it go, ſonles it be for the ſaluacion of hys neigboure, to edifie hym. The im/ poſibilite of the declaracion of this loue than, ſhall make me to holde my p/// peace: ffor there is no ſainte ſo parfaitte if he will ſpeke of the loue of the highe god, of hys goodnes, ſuittenes, grace, and of all the thinges wich pertcyneth vnto hym, he ſhall, lokinge a lowe, ſtoppe hys mouthe. I, than, worme of the earth, leſſe than nothinge: i ought to ceaſse, and not to ſpeake of ỹ highnes of thys loue. But to muche vnkindnes ſhuld be in me, if i had written nothig hauinge thys done for to ſatiſfie to a

better witte than myne is. ffor he that
wolde hydde the goodnes offso good
a maister, shulde comitte a synne
worthy to be punished with ỹ euer
lastinge payne. Therfore come: o ha
py paule wich hast tasted so muche actes. 9 and
of thesame switte honny, beynge blin 2. corin. 12.
ded for the space of thre dayes, and
rauished vnto the thyrde heauen. Now
I beseche the, satisfie myne ignoraunce,
and faultte, and tell me what thou
hast sene with such an vision. Harke
what he sayeth. O vnspeekeable hignes rom. 11.
of the greate treasure, and riches of ỹ
springe of all wisedome, science, and pa

cience: thy iudgementes are incompre
hensibles, and thy wayes are vnserchea
bles vnto all our wittes. O good Sainte
paule: thy wordes causeth vs to mer
uayle, that, thou hauinge knowledge
of Suche Secrettes, wolde Speake no
further of it. But yet, tell vs what th
thinge we truste to haue one daye
through Suche loue. Harke, and pon
der the wordes wich he Sayeth. There
was neuer no man that did se, nor
eares coulde neuer heare, neyther no
man coulde comprehende, thys that
god hath prepared for hys good
frendes. Wolde he Speake any further

1.cor,2.

No: yet all thys that he ſayeth, is for no
thinge els, but to prouoke vs to loue,
and to estime thys that he can neither
declare, or name, and to drawe our
hartes, loue, and hope to desyre thys
wich no man also can neyther se,
sele, or thinke what it is, and yet cau
seth many men to dye for hys loue. O
the right greate giste of sayth. whens
so muche good cometh, that he causeth
one to possede the thinge wich he can
not comprehende. Fayth ioyned with truth
bringeth furth hope, wherby parfaitte
charitie is engendred: and charitie is
god as thou knowest. Therfore if 1 thon. 4

we haue charitie, we haue god also.
Than is god in vs, and all we are in
hym, and he in all men. If we haue
hym throughe fayth, than haue we
a greater treasure, than any man can
tell. Now to conclude: Syth that
so greate an apostell as saynte paule
is willeth to speke no further of god
and of hys loue: Accordinge to the
exemple of hys rightwise teachinges
i will holde my peace. But folowing
hys worde, howbeit that i knowledge
myselfe to be but meere, and duste: yet
may i not fayle to giue graces, and
thankes vnto god, of all the goodes

and benefyttes vndeserued wich plea
seth hym to geue me. Vnto ỹ kinge 1.timoth.1.
of heauen, immortall, inuisible, oure
mighty god onely, and incompre
hensible be all honnoure, prayse, glo
ry, and loue for
euer.

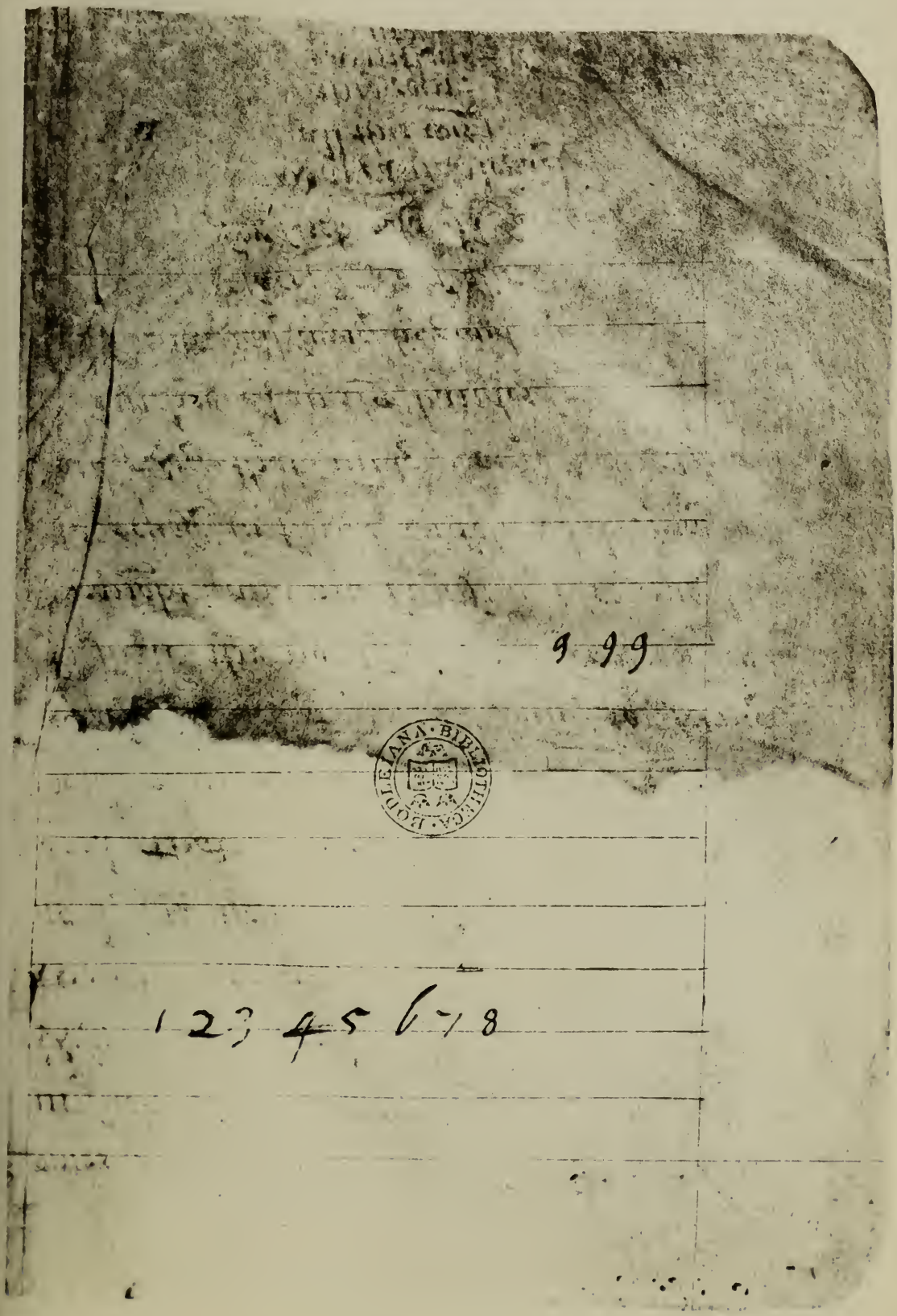
BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A praier made by her ma^tie

O god the Almaker keep: and ghider thy
fuvernment of thy rare seene vnused and
seelde harde of godnes powered in so plentifull
forth oppone vs full of breedes nowe thic
volumes to crave with bowed knees and de
hark of humilitie: thy lacye hands of hel
pinge powver to assiste with woonderfull
ore iuste cause not fauorded one prides
indeuor begine an vnalloe stocke but thou
knowest to whome naught is hid examuder
oppon iust defence from wronged hate
and blinde desier of conquest for sheuve
auer haste thon inuited to sane that thou
hast taken vs by emegence such a
as seruges there blindshed where

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

~~armes is one. Fortifie dere god suche harte~~
~~in suche sorte as theire best pte may be~~
~~Worste that so the treneste pte mente~~
~~woorst with lefte losse to such a nacion~~
~~as dessyse their lives for there countries~~
~~good; that all forraine landes may lawde~~
~~and admire the omnipotencie of thy~~
~~worke [illegible] alone for the onlie to glorifie~~
~~so shall thy name be spred for wonder~~
~~wraught: and the faithfull incouraged~~
~~to repose in thine vnfellowed grace~~
~~and we that nide naught but light~~
~~vncheyned in thy handes for~~
~~yet all service live and die~~
~~the sacrificers of our soules~~
~~for such obtayned favour~~
~~Warrant to lorde~~
~~all this with~~
~~thie com=~~
~~aundem=~~
~~ente~~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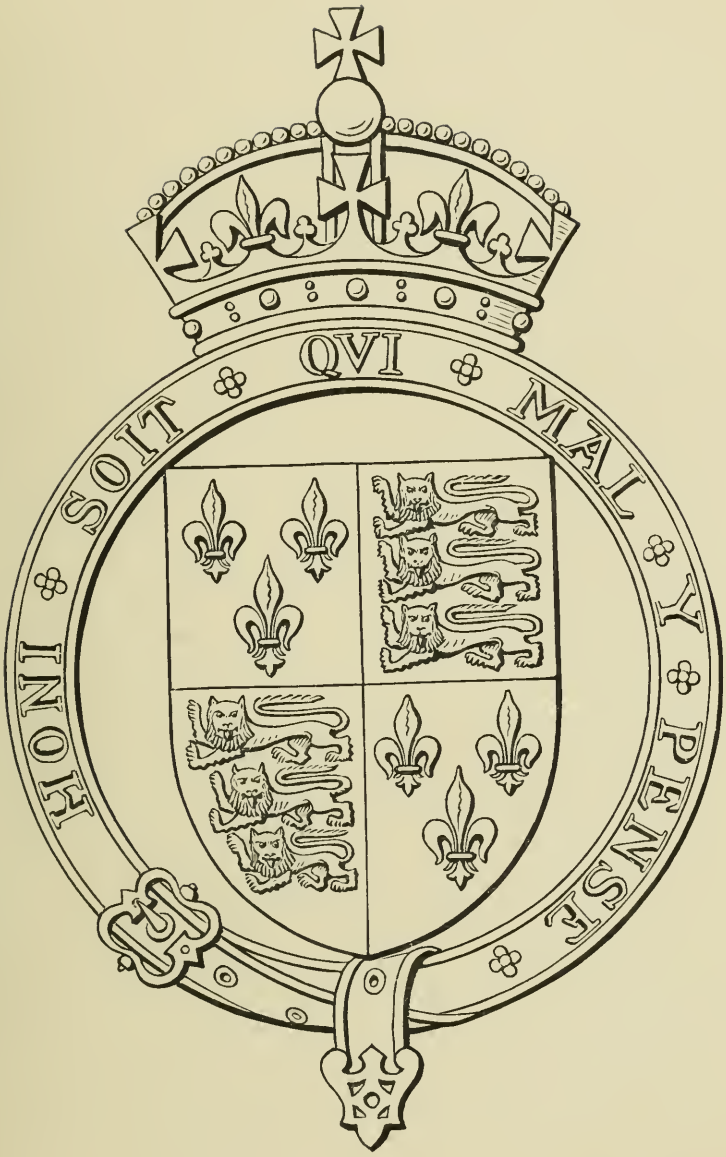
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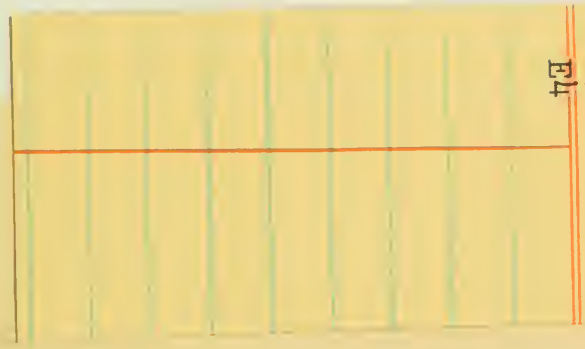
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Marguérite d'A.

The mirror of the sinful soul.

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